



**Cold War in the far north**

**Russia mobilises to claim the riches of the Arctic**

10.07.2015

# Newsweek®

## LONDON'S DISASTER PROTOCOLS





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# Newsweek

10.07.2015 NO.28



## After Tunisia

Governments are asking: what if it happens closer to home? We reveal London's planning for catastrophe.

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The stricken country needs governance, not referendums.

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As the British judiciary decides to try 86-year-old Lord Janner on child-sex charges, his friend, a former ICC judge, says Janner is unfit to stand trial.

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Russia has mobilised its military to claim the riches of the Arctic. As the ice melts, the Americans are being left behind.

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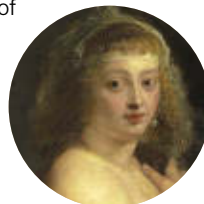
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A new kind of x-ray has revealed what the Flemish master concealed beneath a painting of his wife.

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## Narco-capitalism

It thrills, it kills, it underpins our economy; it connects the glitz of Hollywood to the slums of Medellín, it is an innocuous white powder, and its name is cocaine.

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## Editor's letter

## Europe needs narrative journalism



Richard Addis

editor@newsweek.com

"The women, who usually go for milk to the cowkeepers in the villages round the city, were not able to go along with their pails on their heads; and one that was more hardy than the rest, was blown away by the fury of the storm..."

Thus, some say, narrative journalism (writing that reads like a short story except that it is true) was born in London in 1703. Daniel Defoe's piece is often known simply as "The Storm".

The genre was born in Europe but today it's American. Why?

Why is there so much less of it in European magazines, papers, supplements and websites?

First, cost. Comment is cheap but facts are rather expensive, wrote the great reporter Ian Jack. Media markets in Europe, fragmented by language, are too small to fund narrative journalism. Second, European cultures tend to devalue journalism as a serious creative profession. Third, European universities and journalism schools don't teach narrative journalism. Fourth, European feature

journalism is overwhelmingly about what the journalist thinks (rather than sees).

These thoughts are not mine. They're the result of a year's study by a Finnish journalist, Anu Nousiainen, for the Reuters Institute in Oxford. She's right, too, when she says we need narrative journalism because we need to be better at attracting readers. Staying informed should be enjoyable, not a struggle. For more on how *Newsweek* has been attempting to do this, see page 52.

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# Big shots

Greece

## The writing on the wall

Fresh anti-EU graffiti appeals to a passer-by in Athens as the country prepares to vote on whether to accept bailout conditions set by Greece's creditors. The country is still reeling from the capital controls that accompanied the shock announcement of a referendum. It is set for 5 July and is expected to determine whether Greece remains part of the eurozone.

**Photograph:** Alkis Konstantinidis/Corbis

**Greece on the brink**  
**Adam LeBor, page 28**















Iran

## 1001 Iranian nights

Worshippers recite verses of the Koran for Ramadan at the shrine of Saint Muhammad Hilal ibn Ali in the city of Aran va Bidgol.

Meanwhile, negotiations on a nuclear deal between Iran and the international community have continued past their deadline this week despite having already taken some 19 months. Seemingly within touching distance, the deal with the five permanent members of the UN Security Council and Germany would limit Iran's nuclear programme in exchange for the lifting of sanctions, and could revolutionise the Middle East.

**Photograph: Ebrahim Noroozi/AP**

Big  
shots



Belgium

## Fallen by the wayside

A bus lies by the side of the road after overturning with 34 British schoolchildren on board. Most of the pupils, who were on a language trip, escaped unharmed, but one was taken to hospital with a fractured skull and one of the drivers, named as James "Geordie" Chance, was killed. He was not driving when the bus swerved out of control and collided with a pillar.

**Photograph:** Eric Vidal/Corbis

Big  
shots















Turkey

## Golden fleeces

Shepherds drive their flocks across the tablelands of Mount Nemrut and towards the village of Kiyiduzu for milking. Drovers have traditionally taken their animals up to this higher ground to spare them the full heat of summer, but their numbers are falling as the rural populace moves to the towns and cities. However, the area now receives a new kind of visitor: town-dwellers who are nostalgic for their native regions and come back on holiday.

**Photograph: Oktay Bayar/Getty**

Big  
shots



Tunisia

# Gunman's death already being used to recruit more jihadis

Simon Speakman Cordall  
Sousse and Tunis

Twitter: @IgnitionUK

Port El Kantaoui, the tourist complex 10km to the north of Sousse where 23-year-old Seifeddine Rezgui gunned down 39 tourists, is deserted. On the outskirts, a novelty train crawls along the roadside, empty but for two perplexed-looking middle-aged tourists. On the pristine white sands of the beach where Rezgui rampaged, the remaining tourists make their way to the site of the massacre, carrying flowers and makeshift signs of hope and consolation.

The carnage Rezgui unleashed on Friday has left an indelible mark on this nascent democracy. For Tunisia's tourist industry, struggling to reassert itself after a similar attack at the capital's Bardo museum in March, Friday's slaughter will come as a body blow.

For the people of Tunisia, proud of a long history of secular politics and religious moderation, the 39 dead on Sousse's beaches stand as a bleak affront to everything they have striven for since the Jasmine Revolution of 2011.

For the security services of Tunisia and those connected to them, however this latest atrocity does not simply mark the arrival of the Islamic State upon Tunisia's shores, but



Live by the gun: Seifeddine Rezgui lies shot dead after he killed 39 tourists and injured many more

carries with it the sure promise that more violence will come from quarters they are simply not equipped to predict.

In Rezgui's former home, the small, poverty-riven town of Gaafour in Tunisia's north-west, friends and family are struggling to understand how the polite, football-loving student who had never left Tunisia, could have committed such an outrage.

"He was good, good, good!" Monia Riahi, a neighbour and family friend, told the *Guardian*. "I've known him since he was small. He was never in trouble with anyone ever. Maybe he was brainwashed or something."

To all extents and purposes, Rezgui was anonymous: unknown to the security

services and apparently unsuspected by those who knew him.

Some blame the local mosque, a stronghold of Tunisia's ultra-conservative Salafist community; others see his time at Kairouan University, where he studied aviation, as the source of his radicalisation. Others point to Rezgui's social media history, a dark testimony to his fascination with jihad and jihadi violence as well as the means of his communications with the legions of Tunisian fighters currently engaged with the Islamic State, as the motivating and directing factor in this "lone wolf's" rampage.

Scott Atran is the director of research in anthropology at the

Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique in Paris and senior research fellow at Oxford University. "So many guys radicalise because they can universalise their own personal, often frustrated, aspirations with something that is adventurous, glorious, and seemingly sublime," Atran tells *Newsweek*. "The conversion of personal problems into universal moral outrage and willingness to kill, and die killing, perfect strangers innocent of direct harm to others, much less to that person, is what Isis is all about. With that kind of brutal, sublime commitment, even failure is victory."

For the mourning families of



the dead and wounded of Friday's slaughter, however, Rezgui's motivation will have little meaning.

Rezgui's focus was clear: Tunisia's desperately needed foreign tourists and the money and cultural mores they bring. Witnesses even reported him instructing Tunisians to get out of his way as he continued his onslaught. "Tourists and tourism have been clearly the target of the attack, similarly to the March events at the Bardo," Ludovico Carlino, MENA analyst at IHS Country Risk, tells *Newsweek*. "This is in line with the current jihadi strategy in Tunisia of targeting both a pillar of the country's economy, to undermine the secular government, and Western tourists, deemed by jihadis as kuffar (infidels)."

Despite its religious moderation, Tunisia has long been a fertile recruiting ground for jihad, with a terror export industry stretching back to the mujahideen of Afghanistan.

Terrorism at home, though deadly, has largely been sporadic and, prior to March's

attack at the Bardo, mostly confined to the mountainous reaches along the Algerian border, where al-Qaida in the Magreb-sponsored Ukba Ibn Naffi Kalibat has fought a bloody low-level insurgency. However, recent months have seen the group stymied in its mountain strongholds and isolated from the urban centres that feed it.

With Ukba Ibn Naffi's decline has come the Islamic State's ascendancy. Since December 2014 and with increasing frequency since, the Islamic State has been making its ambitions for Tunisia ever clearer. On 18 May a hitherto unknown Tunisian terrorist cell, the Mujahideen Tunisia Kairouan, declared both its presence within Tunisia and its fealty to Isis, giving the terror group its first tangible foothold within North Africa's most celebrated democracy.

Most recently, in the small hours of Sunday 28 June, just two days after Friday's bloody attack in Sousse, it published a further video featuring Rezgui and footage of an attack it claimed was aborted due to the

presence of good Muslims, a distinction echoing that of Rezgui's on Friday. Chillingly, the video promised more attacks to come.

"I think we can assume that Rezgui was one of the 'lone wolves' of the Mujahideen Tunisia Kairouan," Dr Tarek Kahlaoui, a researcher on jihad and ex-director of the Tunisian Institute of Strategic Studies, tells *Newsweek*. "Young men like him are drawn to the idea of the Caliphate that Isis is creating in Syria and Iraq and what it stands for. They see jihad as an obligation, a calling to fight the conspiracy between the West and the Shia against them. They're impressed by the killing machine that is Isis, by the sheer ruthless efficiency of it all."

Recently, Tunisians already within the ranks of the Islamic State have been reaching home to the disaffected young men of the impoverished towns that, like Gaafour, litter Tunisia; angry young men with no identifiable link to any terror group other than a fibre-optic cable and a gateway to the logistics and weaponry available

to them via Tunisia's porous border with war-stricken Libya. "When the message comes from someone in Syria and Iraq, it's incredibly powerful. These guys, the Tunisian fighters, are contacting the undecided and unsure back home and they're asking them to do their bit. The thing is, they're not asking them to come to Syria and Iraq, they're asking them to become the lone wolves of Tunisia."

Rezgui's slaughter came in the holy month of Ramadan. Within this there are days when martyrdom is considered even more sanctified. These are the 15th, 17th and 27th days of Ramadan. Asked if further bloodshed is to come, Dr Kahlaoui doesn't hesitate. "Absolutely."



**London's terror plan**  
**Page 28**



**Grief of a nation: a man prays after laying flowers on Marhaba beach at Port El Kantaoui, Sousse**



Hands across the border: Israeli army medical staff tend to a man wounded in Syria in a hospital on the Golan Heights

## Middle East

# Druze lynching of injured rebels exposes Israel's secret war

**Assaf Uni Jaffa**

✉ @Assaf\_Uni

On 22 June, the tension on the Israeli side of the Golan Heights, a mountainous plateau that the country shares with Syria after occupying most of it in 1967, boiled over into violence. First an Israeli military ambulance was stopped in the village of Horfeish by a mob demanding to inspect its patients. Rocks were thrown and a man was reportedly injured as the ambulance sped away having refused to open its doors.

That night, a second

ambulance went through the village of Majdal Shams, but this time the mob was more determined. The road was blocked, the ambulance's windows smashed, and, after a short pursuit to a neighbouring Israeli village, the patients dragged out. The Israeli Defence Force (IDF) soldiers attempting to protect them were beaten, and the two wounded men being transported were attacked with sticks and chains in what has been described as a lynching. One was killed and another is in a critical condition.

The mob was made up of

members of Israel's Druze community, a small monotheistic religion that derives from Shia Islam. The men they attacked were Syrians injured fighting in the country's bloody and chaotic civil war, whom the Druze suspected of being members of Jabhat al-Nusra, the al-Qaida affiliate in Syria, because they had beards.

Israel denies these two were Nusra fighters, but who exactly they were fighting for touches on one of the most sensitive questions in the Middle East today. Is Israel co-operating with Islamist rebels in the Golan

Heights in the war against Assad? If so, how? Why? With what groups?

Since the Syrian civil war broke out in 2011, many observers believe Israel has been bombing arms shipments from Iran, Assad's ally, as they've passed through Syria en route to Hezbollah in Lebanon. But Israel denies supporting any side in the brutal conflict.

Since February 2013, the Jewish state has provided medical care to injured Syrians. So far, 1,600 - most badly injured - have been treated in hospitals in northern Israel. The



effort has produced uplifting stories of injured Syrian children saved by Israeli doctors. But the majority of patients have been young men of military age, whose affiliation with the various rebel groups remains shrouded in secrecy.

Since 1974, a United Nations peacekeeping force has been stationed in the Golan Heights to monitor the cease-fire between Israel and Syria. In their latest report to the UN, the peacekeepers mentioned several meetings along the border between armed Syrian rebels and Israeli soldiers. They saw the Israelis take injured Syrians into their vehicles and load rebel trucks with sacks. What was in those sacks remains unclear, but Israeli sources, speaking in an off-the-record briefing, say the contents included food and blankets for the winter.

The UN report doesn't specify which rebel group the Israelis were helping. Figuring out who the rebels are is often a complicated process. The groups along the border range from secular nationalists such as the Free Syrian Army (FSA) to Sunni Islamist radicals like Jabhat al-Nusra, the al-Qaida affiliate in Syria, and its splinter groups. There's also a low-level Isis presence. But the main force operating in the area, Israeli sources say, is Nusra.

"What we have on the other side is 50 shades of black," said an Israeli senior army official recently, on the condition of anonymity, referring to the black flags used by Nusra and other Islamist groups.

A case working its way through the Israeli legal system is also raising questions. Sudki al-Makt, a Druze who had spent more than two decades in prison for plotting to attack Israeli military bases, is charged with espionage and other security-related offences after contacting a young IDF soldier, Hillaal Chalabi, a fellow Druze. Chalabi, 19, is alleged to have tipped off al-Makt, 48, to injured Syrian rebels being brought into Israel for medical treatment.

Al-Makt filmed grainy footage of the crossing, which, although it proved nothing concrete, later made it onto Syrian TV.

Israel says that al-Makt was publishing reports on Facebook and YouTube about the Israeli army's activity in the Golan and allege that he contacted Syrian officials with promises of secret information. But much of what the indictment calls "secret Israeli army activity" is blacked out in the document.

Al-Makt's lawyer declines to comment, but Yamin Zidan, his former attorney, who wasn't allowed to

who our patients are - we just try to save their lives."

The Israeli military says it has a kind of "don't ask, don't tell" policy on injured fighters and assumes radical Islamists will not feel comfortable getting treated in Israel. The doctors I met say a few rebels demanded to be sent back once they discovered they were in Israel.

It's just this "don't ask, don't tell" policy that has angered the Druze in the Golan. Unlike the majority of the Druze in Israel, who serve in the army, many of the Druze in Majdal Shams have long been supporters of Assad. Furthermore, in mid-June,

reassure the Israeli government, condemning the attacks and telling Israeli prime minister Benjamin Netanyahu: "We are at your service." But tensions remain high, and Israel is mulling over going to the aid of some Druze just across the border in Syria.

Saleh Tarif, a Druze leader and former minister in the Israeli government, is also confident Israel will help his fellow Druze in the Syrian villages near the border. "Israel is using a dual approach - it has certain understandings with groups like [the Nusra Front], and it also uses its power to threaten it not to take certain actions," he says. "It's a jungle on the other side, and Israel has to do what it can."

Israeli officials will not confirm their Druze policy but have offered hints. "The [Israeli] alliance with the Druze people does not stop at the border," air force commander Maj-Gen Amir Eshel recently told a meeting of Druze leaders.

Either way, Dr Zarka, who is himself Druze, will continue to treat the wounded the IDF ambulances bring him. "Many in my [Druze] community ask me, 'How can you help the same people who may shoot our brothers across the border?'" he says. "But what should I do, let a man die? Even if there were a Nusra fighter sitting right here, with a bullet in his abdomen, should I shoot him again? Or as a doctor, should I save his life? To me, it's clear, and the fact Israel is treating its enemies is proof of the country's real humanitarian commitment."



**Tension: members of Israel's Druze minority demonstrate after anti-Assad Islamists Nusra fighters killed 20 of their fellow Druze in Syria**

represent him at the trial because he lacked security clearance, believes the full indictment, if disclosed, would reveal what Israel is really up to in Syria. "The conversations," he says, "show the level of co-operation between Israel and the rebels against Assad."

What the Israeli military will say on the record is that it is offering medical care to injured Syrians. Over the past year and a half, for instance, Israeli doctors at the Rebecca Sieff Hospital in Safed have treated around 500 of them.

"If you ask me whether we are treating Nusra fighters, I can tell you honestly - I don't know," says hospital director Dr Salman Zarka. "We don't ask them which group they belong to, and if we ask how they got injured, it is to differentiate between a blast injury and a penetrating one. We don't care

Nusra fighters killed 20 Druze villagers near Idlib, in northern Syria. And for the first time, the Druze on the Israeli side of the border held demonstrations in the Golan Heights, publicly demanding that Israel protect their Syrian relatives.

Following the ambulance attacks, the leader of the Druze community in Israel, Sheikh Moafaq Tarif, has moved to

## Two Numbers

# 42

the number of years most recently projected for Greece to pay back its €323bn debt

# 92

the number of years it took Germany to pay its First World War reparations



Faroe Islands

# Up to 30 whales killed in second ‘grind’ despite conservationist protests

Felicity Capon

✉@felicitycapon

Conservation activists have been unable to stop a second massacre of whales and dolphins in the Faroe Islands – the autonomous Danish province in the North Atlantic – in as many weeks despite having sent three ships there.

Militant conservation group Sea Shepherd says that 20-30 pilot whales were killed earlier this week after being driven to Hvannasund in the north of the archipelago. Its ship Brigitte Bardot was too far away to reach the area in time.

The hunt, known as the “grindadráp” or “grind” and usually taking place between May and October when the sea animals migrate to the area for food, is defended by Faroe islanders who say it is part of their cultural heritage and represents a tradition stretching back hundreds of years. Often entire villages take part in the hunts, including children.

The whales and dolphins are herded into bays by small boats. Until last year, the animals were then killed by locals using knives, with hunters cutting through the animal’s neck to break its spinal cord.

This year Faroese officials



“Bloody by its nature”: the government of the Faroes defends the hunt as part of the islands’ heritage

introduced a “regulation spinal lance”, designed by a Faroese veterinarian, which is supposed to ensure that the process is more humane. It takes a few seconds to kill each whale, and the entire pod is normally dead in less than 10 minutes, according to the Faroese authorities, who say the event is regulated and designed to inflict as little suffering as possible.

At the beginning of June, 154 pilot whales were reportedly slaughtered in a single day on Miðvágur beach on the island

of Vágur. The whale meat and blubber are eaten by locals and considered delicacies, although consumption has declined in recent years after growing concerns over heavy metal toxins in the flesh

“There are no starving Faroe islanders who need whale meat,” argues Robert Read, head of Sea Shepherd UK’s operations. “The actual grind is almost like a national honour sport, yet is very different from so many other hunts around the world, in the sense that

nothing escapes. If there is a pod of dolphins they will kill every single one, wiping out entire genetic pools.”

The government of the Faroe Islands says: “The use of locally available wildlife is a natural part of life in the Faroe Islands. The pilot whale hunt is dramatic and bloody by its nature.”

According to Read, in 2013, 1,534 pilot whales and dolphins were killed in total, and on one day 340 Atlantic white-sided dolphins were slaughtered.

## Perspectives

### Italy

**Police have discovered an illegal underground factory** near Naples where Polish cured meat was being stamped with prestigious Italian labels so as to be sold at a higher price. Two people have been charged with food fraud and violating health and safety regulations.

### Norway

**Some 62% of Norwegians are worried about a war or attack** on their soil compared to 45% in 2014, according to a new survey conducted on behalf of the country’s armed forces. Young people, women and those living closest to the Russian border are among those most concerned.

### Russia

**A group of Siberian entrepreneurs have started** selling toilet paper printed with the text of the sanctions imposed on Moscow by the EU and the US. According to the entrepreneurs behind them, the rolls are to show the West what Russians think of the sanctions.

### France

**The parents of a severely brain-damaged man will** challenge the ECHR’s decision to allow him to die. Vincent Lambert, 39, was left in a vegetative state following a road accident in 2008. His wife and six out of eight siblings decided against keeping him alive.



London

# 7/7 detective: security services obstructed the investigation

Karen Bartlett London

✉ @karenrbartlett

Early on the morning of Thursday 7 July 2005 Detective Sergeant David Videcette of the Metropolitan Police Anti-Terrorist squad remembers watching the first reports of a power surge on the London Underground scroll across the TV on the wall of his office. Videcette knew something was wrong. Soon the reality became clear: a terror attack on the London transport system with multiple bombs that would kill 52 people and injure 770 others. From a police perspective, Videcette says: "We had no idea it was coming."

Videcette arrived at the scene of the bus bombing in Tavistock Square at lunchtime and worked through the night. It was only the next day, when he visited a witness who had been standing behind the bus in Tavistock Square, that the appalling nature of the attack hit Videcette. The witness said: "There was a big white flash of light in front of me, and all of a sudden I was covered in blood." When he retrieved the man's clothes "it was like somebody had poured a bucket of blood over him".

It struck Videcette then that 52 families had been devastated by losing the people they loved, and he says he felt a strong calling to do his best to bring those families justice through the investigation. "For the first time I remember feeling the emotional upset."

ID evidence and CCTV footage quickly established the identity of the bombers as Germaine Lindsay, Mohammad Sidique Khan, Shehzad Tanweer and Hasib Hussain - and Videcette began working on the Leeds arm of the investigation, sometimes only returning home to see his family once a fortnight. He became increasingly frustrated

that the investigation was only pursuing leads that the bombers had wanted them to find.

The usual interviews with friends and families were often fruitless. "They had, for some months, disconnected themselves so it was like, 'Well yeah, we used to see each other but he'd become very distant over the last few months and I haven't really seen him'."

Videcette says the investigation spent months tracking down who had bought a loaf of bread recovered from one of the bomb factories. "You can imagine doing that 3,000 times with different pieces of evidence, the immense amount of work that we had to do just to find out that actually that was a complete waste of time?"

The key to a breakthrough lay instead in working with the mobile phone data, Videcette believed. "I felt there were lots of things that we could have done differently and I started to look at the phone data."

Using phone data, Videcette put together a comprehensive look back in time to see what the bombers had been doing and who they communicated with. That work, however, brought him into conflict with

managers and other members of the squad. "There were internal arguments and fights and conflicts." In particular Videcette believes the investigation was hampered by the relationship between the police and the security services. "I felt we weren't able to progress the things that we should have progressed."

Comparing terrorism to a tree, Videcette says he wanted to cut all the big trees down, while the security services had a strategy that involved lopping off lots of small individual leaves. "It's in their interest to ensure that they are constantly tapped into the trunks of the tree so they know where the branches are and when the leaves are going to come out. Then they can keep saying, 'Well we foiled another attack, we've stopped another leaf on the tree'. I wanted to deal with the trees but I couldn't."

In 2013 Videcette left the police force. Now he has written a fictionalised account of the investigation, to be published this autumn. He plans to donate some of the proceeds to a scheme that helps police officers dealing with post-traumatic stress.



En route: the four London bombers entering Luton rail station

If I ruled the world



## Freddie Flintoff

Andrew "Freddie" Flintoff is a former England cricketer and has also competed as a professional boxer. Tickets to see Freddie's 2nd Innings Tour are now available online

### One law I would pass?

It'd be to do with politeness. Saying simple please and thank yous, and anyone who doesn't do it gets a £100 fine.

### Who I'd ennoble?

My Dad. A principled man who worked hard to provide for our family. Without his and my Mum's support I wouldn't be doing what I'm doing.

### One thing I would ban?

People who wear coloured trousers. As a cricketer I was exposed to them too often. When you go to Lord's [cricket ground] and everyone's wearing stripy blazers and bright trousers, it's too much.

### Who I'd send to Siberia?

I'd send Jamie Redknapp. I'd have him back, I couldn't leave him there for ever, and I don't think he'd last long. It'd be a matter of weeks for Jamie.

### Where I'd build my palace?

I don't think I want one. I like where I live in Cheshire but my favourite place is Preston. I grew up there and I still regard it as home.

### The book every child would have to read

*To Kill a Mockingbird*. I read it at school but I must have read it at least six times now. It's got lots in it - life lessons, how to treat other people, not judging people.



Poland

# Drone set to carry abortion pills into Ireland after flying in the face of Polish laws

Eilish O'Gara

✉@ECOGara

A women's rights group say they are planning on distributing abortion medication by drone in Ireland after they successfully delivered a batch of pills from Germany to Poland last week.

The drone, right, set off from Frankfurt an der Oder, on the border with Poland, and delivered the medication to two pregnant women waiting in Slubice who then took the pills, which had been prescribed by a German doctor. After the drone had landed, German police arrived and confiscated the pilot's controllers and iPad, although no one was arrested.

Dr Rebecca Gomperts, founder and director of Women on Waves, the not-for-profit organisation that sent the drone, and also operates a boat that carries out abortions off the coast of countries where the procedure is illegal, tells

*Newsweek* that the first flight had been a great success and confirmed that the organisation now has plans to expand the project to other countries, including Ireland and Argentina, where women's access to abortions are also severely restricted.

Abortion laws have been severely restricted since 1993 in Poland, which is 90% Catholic, and women are only allowed to have an abortion in cases of rape, incest, if the fetus is severely damaged or if pregnancy poses a significant risk to the health of the mother.

Although pregnant women in Poland are not criminalised for having an abortion, those who distribute abortion medication or illegally perform a termination can be prosecuted. As a result, according to a recent UN report, there are more than

50,000 dangerous, underground abortions carried out in the country each year.

Women on Waves say German authorities are now seeking to press criminal charges against those

involved in the drone's first flight, but add that it is "totally unclear on what grounds they can take legal action".

Gomperts adds that several supportive members of the Polish parliament

were in attendance on the Polish side of the border, and no police arrived.

"Whilst we were wrapping up, a very small group of anti-abortion activists showed up, but other than that it all was very quiet." The number of activists were so small on the Polish side of the river that Gomperts says it was a positive sign that "the anti-abortion activists had clearly failed to mobilise a high number of

people to turn up to the event". "Once we have our controllers back from the German police we can begin planning other missions with the drone," Gomperts says. However the legal implications of sending a drone to women in Ireland, who can be prosecuted for taking the abortion pill themselves, will need to be addressed, she adds.

Ireland is going through a real social revolution, Gomperts says, adding that "many people are really fed up with the fact that the government is not in touch with the sentiments of the people who really want women to have access to abortions".

The organisation have previously taken their boat to locations of the coast of Poland, Ireland, Spain, Portugal and Morocco, distributing mifepristone and misoprostol tablets to women up to six-and-a-half weeks pregnant once they are in international waters.



## Green bloom

Children play at an algae-covered beach in Haiyang, Shandong province, China. Every year, algae cover thousands of kilometres of coastline in China and do not generally pose danger for humans, though if left to decompose the algae can produce a toxic gas.





## Drench warfare

Riot police use a water cannon to disperse LGBT rights activists before a Gay Pride parade in central Istanbul, Turkey. Police also fired rubber pellets and teargas to stop the crowd gathering near Taksim Square, a traditional rallying ground for demonstrators that saw weeks of unrest in 2013. Riot police acted in response to chants against Turkey's conservative president.

## The week ahead

### Sunday 5 July

Greek voters head to the polls in a controversial make-or-break referendum on a bailout deal offered by creditors, which could see Athens default on its debts and depart the eurozone in the event of a majority "No" vote.

The British Grand Prix takes place at Silverstone as reigning World Champion Lewis Hamilton looks to cement his 10-point lead.



### Tuesday 7 July

The 10th anniversary of the 2005 7/7 bombings in London where terrorists launched four co-ordinated suicide attacks on public transport, killing 56 people. Survivors are to join PM David Cameron and London Mayor Boris Johnson for memorial events.

### Wednesday 8 July

The first Test of cricket's most famous series, the Ashes, between England and Australia, begins at Cardiff's Swalec Stadium.

### Thursday 9 July

The Bank of England announces its monthly interest rate decision, setting the rate for the next month.

### Saturday 11 July

The 20th anniversary of the Srebrenica massacre, in which more than 6,000 Bosnian Muslims were slaughtered by Ratko Mladic's Bosnian Serb Army. Serbia's PM Aleksandar Vucic has confirmed he is prepared to attend remembrance ceremonies in a bid to improve ties with Bosnia.

## Health

# How crash-landing trauma altered the brains of aircraft passengers

Susan Scutti

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On 24 August 2001 Air Transat Flight 236, carrying 306 passengers and crew from Toronto to Lisbon, hit trouble. Over the Atlantic Ocean, there was a fuel leak, then a power outage, and Captain Robert Piché and First Officer Dirk de Jager decided to make an emergency landing. But just after announcing the plane was about to go into the water, Piché spotted a runway in the Azores, the volcanic islands about 900 miles off the coast of Portugal.

Warning his passengers to brace, Piché aimed for the landing strip, and the plane hit it twice before the crew could bring the 200-ton aircraft to a halt. Miraculously, nobody died.

In the years since, the survivors have become a sort of lab experiment for researchers trying to understand the long-term consequences of post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD). The study was proposed by Dr Margaret McKinnon, an associate professor of psychiatry and neuroscience at McMaster University in Ontario, Canada and a passenger on Flight 236. She developed PTSD after the harrowing landing.

In an initial experiment

conducted three years after the traumatic incident, 15 passenger-participants - seven with PTSD - completed a memory test about the flight. Participants were also asked to recall two other events: their memories of the events of 9/11 and a neutral autobiographical event. These two other memories would serve as comparison points and help researchers understand how trauma affects memory.

"There were two main findings from that study," says Brian Levine, a professor of psychology at the University of Toronto and one of the researchers on the project. First, all the passengers remembered a remarkably large amount of detail from the Air Transat incident. The second was that the people with PTSD tended to veer off-topic about the near-crash, recalling additional irrelevant information, compared with the people without PTSD. Those with PTSD's memory of 9/11 and the neutral event were also cluttered with superfluous details.

Nearly a decade on, eight passengers agreed to return for a second chapter of the study. This group, who had a brain scan, ranged in age from thirties to sixties and included some

diagnosed with PTSD. As the participants recalled the near-plane crash, emotional memory regions of their brains lit up - the amygdala, hippocampus, and midline frontal and posterior regions.

"The amygdala is involved in emotion, the hippocampus is important to memory. The posterior regions play a role in visual imagery and the prefrontal cortex is for self-referential processes" says lead author of the study Dr Daniela Palombo, a post-doctoral researcher at Boston University School of Medicine.

The participants' brain activity when discussing 9/11 was similar to what had occurred during their memories of the near-plane crash. These patterns were not evident in people who hadn't been involved in a near-plane crash, even when they recalled 9/11.

"People who have observed trauma might see the world differently," says Palombo. She believes the emergency landing scare may have changed the way the brains of those passengers process new information. Following trauma, we may be more sensitive to painful life experiences, Palombo suggests, and so we view the world through new lenses.





**Adam LeBor  
in Budapest**

✉@adamlebor

## Politics

# What Greece needs is good governance not referendums

When historians write their accounts of the Greek economic crisis in the early 21st century, they will identify the evening of Friday 26 June as a key moment. Caught between the Scylla of the demands of Greece's creditors for further belt-tightening, and the Charybdis of Greece's austerity-weary voters, prime minister Alexis Tsipras turned the ship of state around and steered right back to shore. Instead of taking a decision, Tsipras announced a snap referendum.

The move caused fury in Brussels and brought swift consequences. Jean-Claude Juncker, the president of the European Commission, used notably undiplomatic language, saying he felt "betrayed" by the Greeks' "egotism". After the breakdown of the talks, the European Central Bank said it would not extend emergency credit to Greek banks. They remain shut until 6 July. Until then customers can only withdraw €60 a day. Capital controls have been introduced, and a Greek exit from the euro looks more likely than ever.

Greek voters will go to the polls on Sunday 5 July to decide if the country should accept the bailout measures, which call for further austerity, or reject them. The government has urged Greeks to vote "No". The European Commission has called for a "Yes" vote. The plebiscite is seen by many as a vote on whether to stay in the eurozone. But whichever way the vote goes, it will not solve Greece's deep-rooted structural problems.

The referendum is not about the broad, strategic package of reforms that Greece needs to stay in the euro, says Mujtaba Rahman, eurozone practice head at the Eurasia Group. Greek politicians think that European politics mimic their own back-room deals in smoke-filled rooms, which is a mistake with potentially dangerous consequences. "The referendum is a negative move, in the sense that it pushes Greece closer to Grexit. These are uncharted waters. Tsipras and Syriza seem to believe that Angela Merkel can pick up the telephone, call Mario Draghi at the European Central Bank and he will keep funding Greek banks. But Europe does not work like that. Europe is a body of law."

Greece needs good governance more than a referendum, says Denis MacShane, a British former Europe minister, and author of *Brexit: How Britain will leave Europe*. "The referendum will solve nothing.

Greece needs a new beginning to modernise its economy, its

local and national administration and Greeks should pay their taxes. Alexis Tsipras is no different from previous prime ministers. He rails against Europe but he won't support any reforms that threaten his own political base."

Fixing Greece will be a long-term project. Much of the economy, like Greek politics, is run on a patronage basis. The court system is slow and unwieldy. Many professions are almost closed off to newcomers. Entrepreneurs are tangled in a web of bureaucracy. Corruption is widespread.

Greece scored the lowest on the Organisation for Economic Cooperation and Development's Better Life index.

The three crucial areas are pensions reform, liberalising the labour market and further privatisations, say analysts. In April Greek officials proposed a series of reforms, but even these included reinstating the 13th-month pension for low-income pensioners.

Without real and profound change in Greece's dysfunctional state, it is almost irrelevant whether the country reaches a short-term deal with its creditors or not, say analysts. "Greece cannot perform economically well in the long-term without major structural reforms. These need to address the size and quality of public administration and the fight against corruption," says Vivien Pertusot, of the French Institute of International Relations, a Brussels think tank.

Ideally, the impetus for reform needs to come from inside Greece, says Pertusot. "It's one thing to impose these reforms on yourself, quite another to have them imposed from outside, which makes it difficult for a government to own the reforms. It is possible to prioritise improving the quality of public administration, and decreasing its size, but it will take years to see concrete progress."

Long-entrenched vested interests will likely prove an obstacle to change, says Pertusot, and government will still need to function while reforms are enacted. "To revamp an entire system without smashing it is a complicated and delicate task. It requires the right leaders at the right time, willing and able to fight against an established system."

For now at least, Greece sorely lacks these.

**Off course:  
Alexis Tsipras  
has turned the  
ship of state  
around and  
steered right  
back to shore**





# Business

## Middle East

### Foreign investment in Israel has dropped by half since last summer's Gaza conflict

Jack Moore London

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Foreign direct investment (FDI) in Israel dropped by almost 50% last year as the country continues to feel the effects of last summer's Gaza conflict, a new UN report has revealed.

The report, published by the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD), shows that only €5.7bn was invested into the country in 2014 in comparison with €10.5bn in 2013, a decrease of €4.8bn, or 46%. Israel's FDI in other countries also decreased by 15%, from €4.2bn in 2013 to €3.5bn last year.

Dr Ronny Manos, one of the report's authors and a senior lecturer at Israel's College of Management, says that the decline was primarily caused by the fallout from the Israel Defence Forces' (IDF) Operation Protective Edge and international boycotts against the country for alleged violations of international law.

"We believe two things [caused the drop]. It is the Gaza War and the boycotts. A number of organisations do not want to invest in Israel for political reasons, it has become of growing importance," she says.

"FDI has dropped globally but, in Israel, it has dropped more than in other places," she adds.

"Maybe [the decrease] will push the government to stop looking inward and take more

of an outward view. Israel against the world, not just Israel internally."

The seven-week Gaza conflict, in which the IDF entered the coastal enclave to prevent Palestinian militant rocket fire, reportedly cost Israel over a billion shekels (approximately €200m) from its defence budget, according to an investigation into the price of the conflict by German publication *Deutsche Welle*.

Further, the threat of rockets also deterred tourists, where 40% of the Israeli tourism sector is garnered from the summer months, and slowed consumption, especially in Israel's southern regions near the Gaza Strip, Israeli business

journalist Eitan Avriel told *Deutsche Welle*.

International pressure on companies to refrain from investing in the Israeli economy has heightened with the rise of the Boycott, Divestment and Sanctions (BDS) movement. Last October, drinks company Sodastream International closed one of its West Bank factories in a victory for the movement.

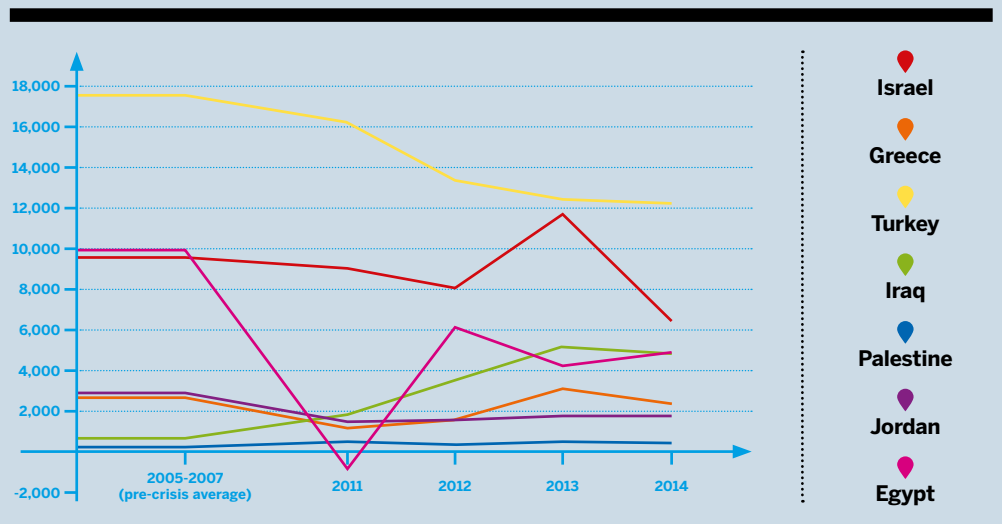
Bisan Mitri, secretariat member of the Palestinian BDS National Committee, says less investment is the result of the "major impact" that the movement has had on the Israeli economy since its founding 10 years ago.

"Israel's shift to the far Right, its intensifying crimes

against Palestinians, and the spreading BDS movement have led to rapid changes in international public opinion, particularly following Israel's massacre of Palestinians in Gaza last summer," she says. "This all translates to Israel increasingly becoming significantly less attractive as an investment destination."

Despite the specific reasons given for the decline in FDI in Israel, the report also notes that FDI fell globally, from €1.3tn in 2013 to €1.1tn in 2014, a drop of 16%. This global decline was caused by a number of geopolitical factors, such as instability in the Middle East and tensions between the West and Russia over Ukraine.

Foreign direct investment inflows (millions of dollars)







“WFN is a very special organisation. It’s small. It’s very precisely focused... and so it is able to give its money where it really counts; where every penny counts.”

**Sir David Attenborough, WFN Trustee**

## **Help support the action heroes of the conservation world**

The Whitley Fund for Nature (WFN) is a wildlife conservation charity offering grants, training and recognition to support the work of outstanding conservation leaders in developing countries.

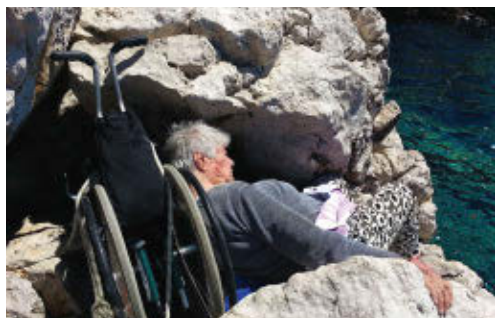
The projects we support are pragmatic, evidence-based and founded on community involvement. Ranging from conserving bees and securing sustainable livelihoods in Kenya to protecting orangutans and raising awareness in Indonesia, WFN champions passionate individuals who are making a difference.

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## Outcasts

This 70-year-old disabled woman was among several elderly migrants reportedly abandoned by traffickers on a Greek island.

## Economy

# Fans of Uber hit back at striking taxi drivers

**Damien Sharkov** London

✉ @DamienSharkov

A week since France's taxi drivers paralysed the country's major cities with violent protests against unwanted competitors such as car-sharing company Uber, its passengers are biting back to defend it. An online protest group of more than 100,000 people has gathered in a matter of days to encourage boycotting French taxis.

The initial strike by taxi drivers took place on 24 June when drivers across France flooded the streets of Paris, Marseille, Lyon and other French cities, inducing gridlock and blocking roads with flaming tyres in protest against what they considered "unfair competition" from Uber and its UberPop service. Drivers on the service operate with minimal registration and have less training than those licensed for taxis, which has riled many taxi drivers and even prompted several physical attacks on Uber drivers prior to the protest.

Although the French interior minister Bernard Cazeneuve backed the taxi drivers, calling for UberPop to cease its "illegal" services, many who were left stranded at airports, stuck in traffic or exposed to the violence as a

result of the strike took to social media to complain.

The public outcry against the strike has now fuelled a Facebook page called the "Strike of Taxi Users" attracting around 109,500 members in less than a week. The page calls on ordinary citizens to "take any other mode of transport available" other than taxis, such as public transport, carpooling, riding scooters and even unicorns "until the behaviour of taxi [drivers] returns to normal".

"The purpose of this page is not to become a outlet to verbal violence against taxis," writes Francis Aristochet, the organiser. "The purpose is only to demonstrate peacefully that a portion of the taxi users are not satisfied with the service that is currently offered and not to tolerate the violence of [the taxi strike] without saying something."

One of the taxi drivers who attended the strike in Paris dismisses the page as "a marketing campaign initiated by Uber or one of its lobbies".

"The Uber company is unfair to the taxi industry and it uses its lobbyists and lawyers to provoke the government and taxis," says Antonio Joaquim, 40.

A spokesman for Uber denied the company is linked with the Facebook page.

## The smart money

# Will airspace be the next place where ride-sharing takes off?



**Rory Ross**

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The "sharing economy" refers to peer-to-peer technology companies that enable people to rent out unused assets, spare rooms and parked cars.

"Sharing" sounds touchier-feelier than "renting" or "brokering". Its beauty is that the companies doing the enabling don't own what they sell. Airbnb, the world's largest lodging company, is valued at \$24bn, but owns no hotels; Uber, at \$50bn, doesn't own a single car. Brilliant!

The explosive growth of the sharing economy has been driven by the networking effect of the internet. Now, a gold-rush mentality is at hand. Homestay enables you to rent out your spare room. Hovelstay brings garages and potting sheds into the fold. There are dozens of others. Vrumi turns your spare bedroom into someone else's office. Where next for "space-recycling"? That luggage box atop your car, those empty rubbish bins ... monetise them!

These disruptors are discovering whole strata of consumers who previously couldn't afford to travel and lodge. Can space-recycling go upmarket? Onefinestay has shown that it can. The Stockholm Syndrome that held travellers captive in outmoded and expensive hotels and taxis is melting in the heat of creative destruction. No doubt Uber and Airbnb will evolve into sinister yet hackable personal databases, but that's another story.

Is private aviation next for

Uberisation? Rise is an American start-up aspiring to add "dead legs" and jet downtime to the sharing bucket list. Monetising idle jets is the Holy Grail, but I confidently predict Rise's fall. However, Nick Kennedy, Rise's messianic founder, deserves credit for fusing a subscription model to the sharing model.

"Revenue solves most problems in business," he explains. "Recurring revenue fixes almost every problem. With the subscription model, you do the hard sell upfront, you create the relationship, and then you get a long-term recurring revenue, the lifeblood of the business." Kennedy's eureka

## His eureka was that people love buying things but hate being sold to

moment was realising that people love buying things but hate being sold to. Subscriptions solve this classic dilemma.

I'll pass. Private aviation is the un-Uberisable last bastion of I'm-all-right-Jack pseudo-Darwinian selfishness and a cemetery of business models. People who fly privately hate sharing. Until personal jet-packs take off, the likelier route to private-aviation-for-all is by taxi services using small aircraft like the Cessna Citation Mustang.

"Various would-be disruptors hyped this idea before the recession," says Patrick Margetson-Rushmore at London Executive Aviation. "Principal survivors are Blink and GlobeAir. They might yet achieve their original vision, if they can build larger fleets." Anyone for a subscription-based air taxi model?



# I cannot and will never admit there is no hope of advancement in human rights. That would negate everything I have worked for'

## Thomas Buergenthal, lawyer and Auschwitz survivor



**By Robert Chalmers**

✉@Escartefigue777

As a young boy, Thomas Buergenthal recalls, his mother taught him to kneel every night and thank God for his love and his protection. It's a habit, I suggest, that must have been difficult to maintain after August 1944 when, at the age of 10, he was transported to Auschwitz.

"It was," says Buergenthal. "Very difficult. I've always known that I was a Jew. But after the war I found I had no religious faith. I began to wonder how God could permit some of the things that happened to us. I admire people who emerged with their belief intact."

It's an inconvenient truth that, where Holocaust memoirs are concerned, the intensity of the experience is not necessarily matched by the quality of the writing.

Thomas Buergenthal's 2010 biography, *A Lucky Child*, now republished, is a magnificent exception, remarkable for the author's eye for significant detail in scenes of the most

horrific disorder, and an absolute lack of hyperbole or vengefulness.

Buergenthal, 81, meets me in a London hotel. His gentle manner - occasionally reminiscent of the English actor Henry Travers, James Stewart's guardian angel in *It's a Wonderful Life* - belies the fierce dedication which he applied to his professional life.

The most distinguished living specialist in international human rights law, he served as a judge at the International Court of Justice for 10 years, until his retirement in 2010. Born in the former Czechoslovakia, but now a US citizen and Professor of Law at George Washington University, he lives in Maryland with his wife Peggy.

The author Joseph Heller once wrote a chapter called, "Every Change is for the Worse". It's a notion that must have some resonance for Buergenthal when he watches the news.

"The terrible plight of these refugees from Syria and Iraq," he says, "isn't that different from the Thirties, when people were trying desperately to flee from Germany to the UK and the USA. It's extremely hard for me to see these images, given my experiences. But think of how things were in 1938, say, in terms of European anti-Semitism and racial prejudice in the USA."

"It still seems relatively easy for a white officer to shoot a black man in broad daylight."

"If I were a bigoted white

policeman in the US today, I'd think twice. Of course things will never be perfect. Innocent people still get convicted. Criminals still escape."

"You survived Auschwitz, as did your mother. Your father didn't. Do you think it's still worth pursuing former guards?"

"When people are in their nineties, I don't see the value of it. There's a certain cruelty, regardless of what they did, to imprisoning people of that age."

"Staying with that subject: there's a line in your book that reads, 'Greville Janner [the 86-year-old lord accused of multiple cases of child abuse, originally judged unfit to plead but now to face a trial] was a friend and remains in touch with me'."

"I knew nothing about [these allegations] until recently. I was shocked."

"When did you last speak to Janner?"

"About two years ago; he invited my wife and me to dinner."

"How was he?"

"He really wasn't *compos mentis*."

"Have you asked him about these alleged crimes?"

"No. When he came to our house in Germany, as a British soldier - I was 13 - there was no hint of impropriety. All I can say is that it is very sad. He did many good things in his life. To end up like this ... I am just very sorry."

A born diplomat, Buergenthal occasionally finds

that his instinct for tact deserts him. He describes George W Bush as "an ignorant person who wanted to show his mother he could do things his father couldn't". Richard Nixon was, "more intelligent. I don't think Nixon would have got involved in Iraq".

Some still believe that Western politicians including Tony Blair and Dick Cheney could end up in the dock at the International Criminal Court. Is this wishful thinking?

Where Blair is concerned, Buergenthal says, he has no special expertise.

"But some of us have long thought that Cheney, and a number of CIA agents who did what they did in those so-called black holes [overseas torture centres] should appear before the ICC. We [in the USA] could have tried them ourselves."

I voted for Obama but I think he made a great mistake when he decided not to instigate legal proceedings against some of these people. I think - yes - that it will happen."

The trouble with peace and reconciliation, Buergenthal observes, is that, unlike warfare and torture, they tend to require time and patience.

"But I cannot and will never admit there is no hope of advancement in human rights. To do so would be to negate everything I believe in and everything I have ever worked for."

"Some," he adds, "may call me a soft-headed idealist. I prefer another term: 'optimist'."









# IN THE WAKE

**Newsweek** EUROPEAN EDITION

What if a Tunisia-type attack struck Europe's biggest city?





**LIVE**

**London, United Kingdom**

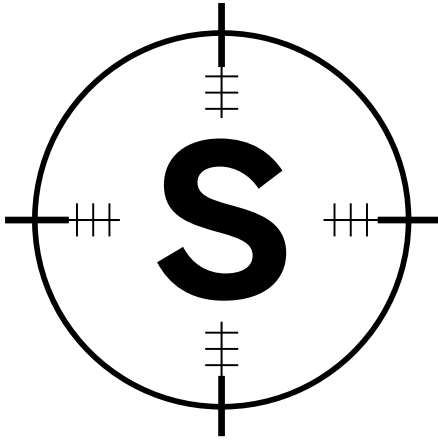
# **OF DISASTER**

**10 JULY 2015**

**BY SIMON AKAM**

**The planners have been making secret preparations for years**





he is a piebald border collie called Shelley, seven years old, and she wears a jingling harness mounted with bells and lights. She is trained to follow human scent, and there are people down in this cramped and dusty hole, though none are in a good way. A man lies supine among broken breezeblocks and sandbags with massive crush injuries to his chest. The prone woman next to him is dead already, both her hands taken roughly off by the same explosion. Another benighted individual sits grubby and stained with an exposed compound fracture on his right arm, cradling a child. A further infant is close, in the throes of an acute asthma attack. All is dusty. All is dark.

The dog trots out.

Some time later the first voice comes. It is a strong voice.

"Right, hello, can you hear me? Fire brigade. Can anybody hear me down there?"

"Yep, ep, ep." The man with the compound fracture moans incoherently.

Two firefighters in red overalls clamber into the confined space. They are Mark Ryan and Pete Thompson, both based in South London. One tries to prise the child from the whimpering man with the ruined arm. The man resists. "No speak," he insists. He holds tight until the fireman lifts his injured arm and the movement of the exposed bone is too much for him. He lets the child go.

Two paramedics arrive, crawling into the same narrow space in their green uniforms. Amid the squawk of their radios, Jenna Davis and Terry Longhurst, members of a London Ambulance Service Hazardous Area Response Team (HART), get to work. They assess the human wreckage and administer salbutamol to ease the second child's breathing difficulties.

#### **London prepares for the worst**

It is not for real. Most of the bodies are limp dummies, smeared with fake blood and with chicken soup standing in for vomit. The man with the simulated compound fracture is real enough, though actually a

53-year-old former Welsh miner called Dai Ford rather than an immigrant with limited grasp of English. Nor is the location London, rather the Rhondda Valley of South Wales, a geological trench scarred with more than 75 coal works. The mines have closed now, but the mine rescue training centre, opened by King George V in 1912, still stands in the village of Tonypany, its white walls containing claustrophobic mock-ups of labyrinthine underground passages.

Nevertheless, despite being some 160 miles from Trafalgar Square, this training exercise focuses firmly on the British capital. The firemen come from the London Brigade's Urban Search and Rescue (USAR) teams, established after the 9/11 attacks in the US to extract survivors from similar piles of smoking rubble. The Ambulance Service's HART teams came into being after the 7 July 2005 bomb attacks on the London Underground in order to provide clinical care in difficult,

real-life Monopoly board of the British capital if a terrorist attack or other major disaster took place. But this story also traverses more conceptual terrain. To examine how London prepares for the worst is to observe the balancing act of urban resilience. Robustness always comes at a cost, both fiscally and in knock-ons for other elements of society. Above all, there is always the danger of planning for the last disaster, rather than the one to come.

#### **'All these other threats'**

The current thinking regarding emergency planning in the UK is rooted in a period of considerable public disturbance that took place around the turn of the millennium. In short order the government of Tony Blair faced an outbreak of foot and mouth disease, flooding, fuel protests and firefighters' strikes, a maelstrom those in government christened the "Four Fs".

Blair's administration decided that a new institution and a revised legal framework

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## There is always the danger of planning for the last disaster, rather than the one to come

potentially contaminated environments. Ten years ago the paramedics did not have the equipment, notably the requisite breathing apparatus, to venture into the smoke-filled Tube tunnels after the attack.

This exercise in far-off Wales is part of the multifaceted way in which London, a city spread across 607 square miles and home to upwards of eight million people and much of the architecture of the global financial system, prepares for the worst. This story is one of doomsaying, of making provision for the unpalatable or the unthinkable. It is partly operational, a saga of how various pieces, from armed police to ambulances, would move on the great

were required. In July 2001, the Cabinet Office created the Civil Contingencies Secretariat, whose task it is to prepare for catastrophe. The Civil Contingencies Act, conceived before 9/11, eventually, passed into law in 2004. Four years later, in 2008, the government for the first time published a national risk register, a document outlining the threats faced by the UK.

"It was about a move away from terrorism to look at all these other threats - things like serious disease outbreak, civil unrest, severe weather events," says Jennifer Cole, a senior research fellow at London's Royal United Services Institute focusing on emergency management and





**Horror: the 2008 Mumbai attack and, top right, gunmen kill a policeman outside *Charlie Hebdo***

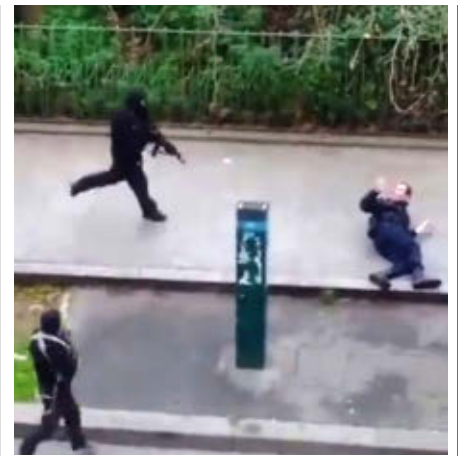
resilience. “How did we make ourselves resilient to those, which was not just a police response, because there wasn’t necessarily a bad guy to catch.”

The latest version of the register, the public version of a classified equivalent, was published in March this year and contains two matrices, the first examining “Risks of Terrorist or other malicious attacks”, the second “Other Risks”. The position of individual events on the grids plots the “overall relative impact score” against “relative plausibility of occurring in the next five years”.

The six events on the terrorism matrix range from “catastrophic terrorist attack”

(relative impact: five, the highest on the scale; relative plausibility: two) to “cyber attacks: infrastructure” (impact: three; plausibility: two) and “attacks on transport systems” (impact: three, plausibility: five). For other, non-terrorist, risks the matrix gives actual probabilities. Pandemic flu, the most devastating of these, is put at a probability of between 1/20 and 1/2 in the next five years. Inland flooding and major industrial accidents, both with an impact of three on the five-point scale, sit at between 1/200 and 1/20, and between 1/2,000 and 1/200, respectively.

But the terrorism to which the government must respond has also



continued to evolve. From the 1970s to the 1990s, in the high period of Irish Republican violence, the UK in general and London in particular faced a bombing campaign. However, the Provisional Irish Republican Army would often call in a warning before detonation, allowing the evacuation of the target, or set devices to blow up at night when offices were empty. The 1993 Bishopsgate bombing, when one tonne of explosive made from ammonium nitrate and fuel oil exploded in the financial district of the City of London, caused £350m in damage but killed only one person.

After 9/11 the focus shifted to Islamist suicide attacks, which reached their UK apogee (at least so far) in 2005 with the Tube strikes. In 2008 the trend shifted again. In November that year 10 Pakistani members of Islamic militant organisation Lashkar-e-Taiba ran amok in Mumbai, India’s most populous city. A combination of 12 bombing and shooting attacks over several days left more than 160 people dead and at least 308 injured.

In the aftermath, security forces worldwide increased the attention they paid to the risk of a “marauding terrorist firearms attack” (MTFA), in essence a gunman or gunmen on the loose, potentially armed with rapid-firing automatic weapons (the Mumbai gunmen were armed with AK-47s.) This fear was cemented in January this year when two French-Algerian brothers, Saïd and Chérif Kouachi, attacked the Paris office of *Charlie Hebdo*, the belligerent French satirical magazine that had published cartoons of the prophet Mohammed, and further reinforced last week when a 22-year-old gunman opened fire on tourists in Tunisia.

Eleven people died at the *Charlie Hebdo* offices on January 7. A further five were killed in related attacks in the region around Paris. The subsequent manhunt reached its dénouement in a shootout on an industrial estate at Dammartin-en-Goële, 35 kilometres northeast of the capital, on January 9. The French





**Nerve gas on the underground: the 1995 sarin attack on the Tokyo subway killed 12 people and injured more than a thousand**

authorities mobilised 88,000 responders from the police and other security forces, all of whom were armed.

Since January the discrepancy between the French response to *Charlie Hebdo* and the level of police firearms provision in the UK has stirred controversy in law enforcement circles. Almost uniquely worldwide (Norway, Iceland, Ireland and New Zealand are the other exceptions), regular British police do not carry guns. Police forces in England and Wales have around 7,000 armed officers, of whom 2,127 are in London (total police officer numbers in England and Wales stood at 127,909 in March 2014). The majority of armed officers serve as “Armed Response Vehicle Officers”, riding in pairs or threes in silver BMWs with pistols on hand and carbines in the boot. A smaller number are “Specialist Firearms Officers”, trained in hostage rescue and advanced counter-terrorism techniques.

Recent police cuts, part of the wider UK government austerity plan, have placed considerable pressure on firearms provision. Simon Chesterman, the Association of Chief Police Officers’ lead authority on armed policing, turned down a request to be interviewed for this article, citing the security implications of discussing anti-terror plans. However, writing in *Top Cover*, the journal of the Police Firearms

Officers Association, after the *Charlie Hebdo* attack, he said that while he was “confident we could respond to the sieges” in a similar incident in the UK, the follow-up if the attackers escaped would be another matter.

“The prospect of a nationwide manhunt for armed terrorists who have gone to ground after carrying out an attack is deeply concerning,” he wrote. “It is the potential for a series of no-notice attacks, not to mention the request to respond to positive and false sightings, that would significantly stretch our armed resources and very quickly we would be seeking military support to help with cordons and searching.”

Steve White, the chair of the Police Federation of England and Wales, and a former firearms officer himself, adds that, since recent cuts, individual firearms officers are in such demand that they are unable to take their allowances of leave.

“We’ve lost 17,000 police officers,” he said. “You can’t take nine forces out of the 43, which is the equivalent of what has been lost, and have it not to impact on stuff like public disorder, national co-ordination, firearms capability.”

#### **The ‘dirty bomb’**

The second type of terrorist scenario much discussed in the post-9/11 period was that of a “dirty bomb”, or radiological device,

which does not achieve fission or fusion but uses explosive to disperse radioactive material. Assessments of the likelihood and impact of such an attack vary. Sceptics say radiological devices are unlikely due to the complexity of obtaining the required material and the perils of construction.

“Dirty bombs are security companies’ ways of making themselves money,” says Jennifer Cole of RUSI. “If it exploded within King’s Cross station concourse, it wouldn’t get out of the concourse, it wouldn’t hit anybody who wasn’t within five, 10 yards.”

On the other side of the debate, Daniel Percival, a filmmaker who in 2004 produced a docudrama, *Dirty War*, about a radiological attack on London, suggests that the possibility of a dirty bomb, along with chemical, biological or even nuclear terrorism, is “increasing all the time”.

“The technology is incredibly simple now,” he says. “One of the arguments against nuclear technology was that it was inaccessible and difficult and had to be in the hands of rogue states. That’s not actually true, nuclear technology and radiological technology are very accessible.”

“Fissile technology,” he adds, “is 60 years old.”

A radiological strike, or a more prosaic but potentially equally hazardous event such as a toxic chemical spill, would



necessitate “mass decontamination”, in essence stripping those affected and hosing them down. For small numbers, decontamination, as a “clinical intervention”, is the preserve of the ambulance service. If numbers are too great for paramedics to handle, it becomes the preserve of the fire brigade, which in 2004 began to acquire specialist equipment as part of a post-9/11 procurement programme called “New Dimension”.

London now has ten mass-decontamination “incident response units”, large lorries equipped with collapsible tents. People enter the front, disrobe, and pass through a showering area where they can be scrubbed down, before entering a “rerobing” area where they are given temporary clothing. Each unit can process 200 people per hour, and there are provisions to bring in additional units from elsewhere in the UK if the eight in London are insufficient.

“We’re the lead in terms of decontamination if the ambulance service are overstretched,” explains Fire Brigade Commissioner Ron Dobson. “Theirs is much more clinical than ours; ours is more of a blunt instrument.”

Sally Leivesley, a security consultant focusing on “catastrophic and extreme risk”, suggests that in the case of a really large-scale incident the fire brigade might use even more rudimentary decontamination procedures to cope with the numbers. “There’s theory and then there’s reality,” she says. “They wouldn’t necessarily go through the very tortuous process of decontamination that we’ve seen in the official filming of it... if you want to decontaminate people you might walk them under two fire hoses between two pumps.”

In the most extreme cases plans exist to move large numbers of people out of London. Those plans have not always been kept safe. In 2004 the Metropolitan police launched an inquiry after a warehouse worker found four CD-Roms on a commuter train between London and Gravesend in Kent, one of which contained traffic management plans for “Operation Sassoon”, a mass evacuation of the capital.

The Ambulance Service has been preparing for a chemical, biological, radiological or nuclear (CBRN) incident since the late Nineties, following the Tokyo subway attacks of March 1995. Doomsday sect Aum Shinrikyo released the nerve agent sarin in five co-ordinated attacks, killing 12 people and injuring more than a thousand. The London Service now has the HART teams instituted after the 7/7 bombings to respond to CBRN threats, and

one spring weekday in April I visited the secret site on the western outskirts of London where one of the city’s two six-strong teams is based.

Simon Woodmore, the HART operations officer for west London, took me through a hangar-like building where its specialist equipment was laid out on show. We passed several types of gas-tight suits, some with powered filters, others with their own self-contained air supplies, the “personal protective equipment” set-up of boots, mask, and goggles developed for British responders to Ebola, a buggy-like six-wheeled off-road vehicle and even body armour in Ambulance Service green.

Woodmore explained that the objective was to provide clinical care inside the “hotzone”, be that a chemically or radiologically contaminated area, or, in a marauding firearms incident, in an area

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## In the most extreme cases plans exist for evacuating areas of London or indeed the whole city

thought to be cleared but where a shooter could still be at large (the “warmzone”). HART, said Woodmore, means the ambulance service is no longer dependent on “fire colleagues taking people from the hotzone.” He added: “Post the 7 July bombings it was seen that the ambulance response and the clinical response needed to be in the hotzone, that point of release.”

### London’s Mass Fatality Plan

Emergency planners emphasise that the actual nature or direct cause of an incident is less important than one might expect when it comes to organising the response. Regardless of whether the cause is a terrorist bomb blast, a train crash or even a flood, many of the subsequent activities are same: authorities need to cordon off danger areas, arrange for the triage and treatment of casualties and communicate the situation clearly to the public.

In the most serious incidents one of the most important functions is handling the dead, potentially in large numbers. At the Welsh training exercise, two women in orange one-piece jumpsuits, accompanied by a photographer, followed the fire brigade’s USAR teams through their drills. The scenario was a gas explosion in a building that turned out to be in use by an illegal people-smuggling operation. These women in orange were disaster victim

identification (DVI) technicians from the Metropolitan and City of London Police. When they encountered a cadaver – played here by a dummy, and already tagged by the first responders with a laminated black triage sleeve bearing the capitalised word “DEAD” – they performed an elaborate procedure called a “forensic recovery”. One technician – holding a clipboard and detailed as “clean” – ie. free from potential contamination by blood or other body fluids – acted as the scribe, noting details and all actions taken. The photographer, likewise “clean”, used his camera to visually document the recovery. Meanwhile the second technician placed bags over the hand, feet and head of the “corpse” and wrapped the body in a sheet.

“Anything that’s of interest forensically, potentially, is inside that sheet,” explained Constable Phil Stone, the DVI co-ordinator for the Metropolitan Police.

Further grey tags, stamped PM for “post-mortem”, give each body – or body part in the event of dismemberment – a unique identification number. These tags also bear the UK international dialling code of +44 to identify nationality in an incident – such as a plane crash – where victims could

come from a multitude of countries. Once body parts have reached a mortuary, officers identify the dead by cross referencing “primary identification factors” – DNA, teeth and fingerprints – and secondary factors – such as clothing, jewellery or scars – with information provided to family liaison officers.

Overall, across the Metropolitan Police, the City of London Police and the British Transport Police, the capital has around 250 trained DVI technicians. In a major incident they operate in teams of six: a typical set up would see a team leader, who serves as scribe, managing a photographer, two recovery officers to handle the dead and two safety officers to look after them.

“You get very tied up in the task you’re doing,” Stone explains. “It’s just somebody to stand back and say ‘mind your head on that’ or ‘be careful on that bit’.”

London has six “refrigerated storage units” – mobile cubes that can each keep 12 bodies cold to prevent putrefaction. Across the UK around another 20 are available and, as with decontamination equipment, plans exist to move them to the capital if needed.

In the event that the number of bodies is overwhelming – here pandemic flu is considered the most likely cause – London’s Mass Fatality Plan also contains provisions to deploy a temporary structure or structures called the “National Emergency



Mortuary Arrangements". Constructed by the American engineering firm KBR, the "NEMA" is a tented system that can be set up as one 600-body morgue or two 300-body facilities. Nine locations in London - that cannot be disclosed - are earmarked for possible NEMA use.

Although it concerns itself with the dead, disaster victim identification, as David Alexander, Professor of Risk and Disaster Reduction at University College London, says, "Is really about the living," ensuring that victims' families see their loved ones respectfully treated and feel the bureaucracy has reacted with compassion and efficiency. As the London Mass Fatality Plan states: "It is the absolute right for bereaved families to view the remains of their loved ones, subject to health and safety issues."

### Flight is a wholly rational response

You have probably seen the photograph on the facing page before. It was taken in Lower Manhattan on September 11, 2001 as a dust cloud from the falling towers billowed into a street. Pedestrians flee towards the camera. Two have their right hands aloft. At first encounter it seems you could exchange the background dust cloud for the corniest of Hollywood horrors - Godzilla, or a hoard of zombies - without requiring any adjustment to the body language and demeanour of the human participants. The photo appears to embody the classic tropes of mass panic in the face of disaster - uncontrolled emotion and selfish behaviour.

That notion would be wrong, according to Chris Cocking, a psychologist who studies crowd behaviour at the University of Brighton. Cocking uses the 9/11 photograph as a teaching aid. His first point is that, when faced with a situation that could kill you, flight is a wholly rational response. People running does not alone indicate panic. Secondly, he points to a woman in the photograph still wearing her high-heeled shoes. Again, if the situation were truly a headlong flight, she would surely have kicked them off. Finally Cocking picks out examples of co-operation between individuals in the image, notably the man in the rucksack at stage left who appears to be shouting at the photographer to get out of the way.

"Generally the idea of mass panic is a complete myth," says Cocking. "People behave much better than is often expected of them. Being in those emergencies tends to create a shared sense of identity and a shared norm of behaviour, and the shared norm is co-operation rather than selfish behaviour." Cocking's findings are

underwritten by two studies he made of the survivors of the July 2005 attacks on London, published in the *International Journal of Mass Emergencies and Disasters* (2009) and in the *International Journal of Emergency Services* (2013).

These studies found that "spontaneous co-operation amongst survivors often emerged, and this was a function of a common identity that grew out of a sense of shared fate amongst those affected". Survivors helped themselves and each other, improvising tourniquets and other first aid measures, sometimes at considerable risk to themselves.

There is notable irony here: in daily life on a London Tube train, physical proximity is combined with almost zero social interaction. Unlike on public transport in much of the developing world, few people talk to each other or even make eye contact. Come a disaster, however, as Cocking puts it, "atomised individuals" immediately became "a psychological crowd".

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## 'Generally the idea of mass panic is a complete myth. People behave much better than is often expected of them'

"The people we interviewed on 7/7," he explains, "they said that these people next to me instantly became the most important people in my life," he explains.

Cocking uses his findings to argue that emergency services should factor in the ability of survivors - whom he terms "zero responders" - to help other, more gravely afflicted people.

The authorities, however, do not seem keen to add that factor to their planning. John Drury, another crowd psychiatrist at the University of Sussex, completed a study of 47 UK government emergency planning documents and found that nine referred to panic. Another common representation of the public was that they would simply behave passively, without the sharing behaviour that experimental data indicates is likely to occur.

"What's slightly problematic in that is the literature also acknowledges that in many emergencies or disasters the professionals simply won't be there," Drury says.

The authorities - in particular the blue-light services - are understandably wary of have-a-go heroes who could imperil themselves and others by interfering in crises without experience or

training. Scripts given to actors playing the roles of victims in training exercises sometimes include "overreaction", the technical term for panic.

But the emergency services are not without weaknesses of their own. In emergency response circles the London Assembly Report into the July 7 bombings, published in 2006, is sometimes derided for making recommendations that seem sensible to outsiders but that professional practitioners know are simply unfeasible - the classic example is its call to stock first aid kits on Tube trains, when experience shows they are inevitably and rapidly stolen. The remarks of Richard Barnes, who chaired the inquest committee, regarding the distinction between the emergency services' objectives and the actual needs of Londoners ring true:

"The relevant statutory organisations have their emergency plans in place. These plans have been tested, practised against and refined. However, the thread that links them all together is that in the event they

proved service-specific, meeting the needs of the services, and lacked an outward focus that took into account the needs of their client groups."

Barnes added: "Responders are dealing with individuals not an 'incident'."

### The 'Blitz Spirit'

The correct way for the authorities to communicate with the public in times of crisis is in part a continuation of the assumptions about panic. The bind for the authorities is how much, or how little, information they should distribute. But beyond the old official fear that the public will lose their heads, there are a number of other problems. In the event of terrorism, authorities are understandably reluctant to give away too much information on their planned responses. Secondly, in Britain at least, the public have a pronounced tendency to ignore information they are presented with. In 2014 the government launched a campaign to send every household in the country a 22-page emergency advice booklet, which included first aid information and suggestions such as keeping supplies of tinned food, bottled water and batteries. A follow-up study found that very little of this advice was actually taken, though rural communities were somewhat more likely to follow it than their urban counterparts.

"Members of the public have so much confidence in the emergency services they think they're going to be rescued anyway, so they just won't do it," says Brooke Rogers, Reader in Risk and Terror in the





**Flashback to 9/11: the crowd flees as the Twin Towers tumble in September 2001 – but people running does not alone indicate panic**

Department of War Studies at King's College London.

The other factor in the psychological mix is national. The British like to believe the way they behave in a crisis is unique, that when the worst comes they are phlegmatic and co-operative, pulling together and remaining good humoured. The language is well worn - terms like "stiff upper lip" and "staunch" abound - and this national story exists in firm opposition to the perceived proclivities of other nations; the French would shout, the Italians would panic, the Americans would come over all gung-ho...

"Dunkirk Spirit" is another term frequently used, alluding to the evacuation of British soldiers - in part by civilians in small boats - from northern France in May and June 1940. That term also hints at another piece of the British national psychological jigsaw, the determination to recast grievous defeats as triumphs of pluck. London has its own version of this story: the Blitz Spirit, the idea of a doughty capital, a determined metropolis conducting "business as usual" under German bombing.

Scratch the surface though and these

ideas rapidly become less convincing. In 1991, Scottish academic Angus Calder published *The Myth of the Blitz*, in which he examined contemporary accounts like this one from Nina Masel, a young employee of social research organisation Mass Observation, during heavy raids in September 1940: "The whole story of the last weekend has been one of unplanned hysteria. Of course the Press versions of life going on normally in the East End are grotesque. There was no bread, no electricity, no milk, no gas, no telephones... The Press version of people's smiling jollity and fun are gross exaggeration. On no previous investigation has so little humour, laughter or whistling been recorded."

The myth of the Blitz, Calder suggested, began to be constructed by British propaganda before German bombs started to fall in earnest, and it has been so enduring because it is buttressed by the "Big Truth" - the undeniable fact that Britain did eventually prevail and that overall civilian morale did not shatter. The sizeable shadow of that truth has obscured myriad smaller, but rather less heroic, actualities.

Still, the trope of London's - and

Londoners' - particular and unique robustness has remained undaunted by academic research, both in the UK and much further afield. "How London carried on," wrote the *Guardian* after the 7/7 attacks of 2005. "London can take it, and so can the rest of the world," added the Australian publication *The Age*. "Spirit of the Blitz emerges amid the chaos," chimed the *Irish Times*. Mike Granatt, former head of the Civil Contingencies Secretariat, suggests years of IRA terrorism left Londoners "wonderfully bloody-minded" and determined to get on with life in the face of chaos.

Crowd psychologist Chris Cocking points out that similar claims about a city's unique toughness were made in New York after 9/11 and in Madrid following the March 2004 attacks on the rail system there. "It's used often as almost a propaganda device to say there's something particularly special about that city or that country," he says. "I would say it's probably a universal response."

#### **Flames flowing up onto the street**

Around lunchtime on Wednesday 1 April this year smoke began to seep from underneath an inspection cover on a broad



central London street called Kingsway. Responding fire fighters discovered an electrical blaze in a Victorian tunnel beneath the road. When an eight-inch gas main ruptured, flames began to flow up onto the street.

Fire-fighters decided it was safer to leave the conflagration alight until the gas supply had been isolated - brigade commissioner Ron Dobson later used a domestic cooker as an analogy: safe if burning, dangerous if leaking unlit gas and liable to cause an explosion. Thirty-six hours passed before the fire was finally extinguished.

I arrived at the scene around nightfall and was told by newspaper distributor Hemang Vyas: "It was a bit of fire, and then everything cleared up. Round 2:30, everything was closed down."

That closure was significant. Though the fire caused no casualties, and little permanent damage - and although it took place just before the Easter weekend, when commercial activity was at a relatively low ebb - the disruption was major.

Some 5,000 people were evacuated from nearby buildings, including the Royal Courts of Justice. The nearby London School of Economics activated its Major Incident Initial Response Plan, sealing its campus. Holborn Underground station closed and 10 bus routes were diverted. Shows at the nearby Lyceum, Duchess and Aldwych theatres were cancelled. UK power networks said thousands of customers in the area were left without electricity. Photographs taken that night from the London Eye Ferris wheel on the south bank show a huge swathe of normally brightly lit central London in blackout darkness.

The deputy president of the London Chamber of Commerce estimated the cost to the capital's businesses was as much as £40m. The scale of that figure - stemming from an incident limited both in scale and duration - shows the importance of a third tier of disaster response, sandwiched between the state and the individual:



**Wind and fire: Lower Manhattan is blacked out for Hurricane Sandy, top, in October 2012; above, the subterranean fire in Kingsway, London, that brought the centre to a standstill**

private firms also need to gird themselves for the unexpected.

In the 1990s wholesale back-up offices were the favoured solution for companies looking to establish contingency measures. A more refined, and cost-effective system, is "syndicated space", where providers lease serviced offices to several different firms, but agree to a certain geographical spacing between all their clients' primary locations. So if one company's headquarters is made inaccessible by fire, flood or terror attack, they can use the reserve space confident that the other clients will probably still be in their primary facilities, and not trying to move into the same back-up space.

An alternative plan is to enlist the services of a firm with such a large network that it can absorb most eventualities. The "workplace provider" Regus operates 3,000 centres in 900 cities and 120 countries. In the UK Regus has 350 facilities - totalling seven million square feet. 90 are in London. UK chief executive

Richard Morris explains that with such a depth of resources they can provide back-up space in most situations. In London their workplace recovery business has seen 100% year-on-year growth over the past three years. The fee structure has two parts - a fixed retainer and a flexible amount depending how much use the company makes of its reserve locations. The retainer ranges from £150 per year per person for general business lounge access and standard IT provision to £500 per person per year for a private office suite, with more "test days" included and additional IT provision.

The fact that - even in well-heeled industries like finance - not all businesses' arrangements are created equal was vividly underwritten when Hurricane Sandy struck New York in October 2012. A photograph of the city skyline rapidly began to circulate showing Goldman Sachs headquarters at 200 West Street still lit up while much of the rest of Lower Manhattan



was plunged into darkness by power outages. Goldman's building, which the bank ringed with a formidable 4.6-metre barrier of sandbags before the storm arrived, had separate generator power. Stephen Flynn, director of the Center for Resilience Studies at Boston's Northeastern University, suggests Goldman's willingness to invest in flood protection may have stemmed from the fact that the bank owns the freehold on its headquarters. Elsewhere, Citigroup's pre-Sandy protection for its own Lower Manhattan offices, which the firm rented, ran to only a desultory handful of sandbags. Citigroup's building duly flooded.

### The real death of cities

Overall, Britain's emergency plans are robust, enormously so when compared with those of developing countries. One government employee, speaking off the record, pointed to a tiny club of other nations - Germany, possibly France, the US who - "could actually cope with it". And although a disaster might kill many of its citizens, it is unlikely that anything short of a thermonuclear bomb would kill the city itself - or at least, that it would do so all at once.

Cities do not die so quickly. Just look at New Orleans after the arrival of Hurricane Katrina in August 2005. Some 80% of the city flooded and the police abandoned search and rescue missions to control widespread looting. During the ten months that followed, the loss in wages was approximately \$2.9bn, with 76% in the private sector. At least 1,833 people died in the hurricane and total property damage was estimated at upwards of \$100bn. After Katrina and Rita, the storm that followed, the Federal Emergency Management Agency provided temporary housing to more than 143,000 families.

Although New Orleans did not fully expire, and has made significant progress towards recovery, its fate still suggests the impact that a sudden "no-notice" event can have on a city.

On closer examination though, that narrative does not really stand up. The chaos after Katrina revealed long-running dysfunction and racial tension within the city's administration, but the disaster itself was also, in the view of Richard

## Years of IRA terrorism left Londoners 'wonderfully bloody-minded' and determined to get on with life in the face of chaos

Campanella, a geographer at the New Orleans' Tulane University, in part the result of a hundred year bet that the city had made against its own environment, the Mississippi River Delta.

Starting in the 18th century, authorities began to construct levees, embankments to prevent the overflow of the river and flooding of the low ground. The levees stopped regular flooding, but they also prevented the deposition of fresh sediment to make up for that washed out to sea and, by drying out the land, caused it to contract and sink further - a process exacerbated by municipal drainage in metro New Orleans, half of which subsequently sunk below sea level.

"Ground level falls below the level of the sea and the reason why the sea doesn't pour into it is because we've erected these levees around it," Campanella explains. "So you have this rather unusual circumstance of an anthropogenically sinking city surrounded by an anthropogenically raised rim, so you have a sinking bowl by the hand of man."

Simultaneously an expanding network of canals between the city and the sea allowed rising seawater to intrude, speeding up erosion. Since the 1930s Louisiana has lost 1,900 square miles of coastal wetlands, greatly reducing the buffer zone between the city and the sea.

"That means the rising sea is coming closer and closer and closer to this one million person metropolis and this two million person region that is relying more and more on these levees and flood walls to keep out that water," says Campanella. "So by the early 21st century we have set the stage for a catastrophe." The fact that half the city was below the level of the sea meant that after Katrina the floodwaters did not disperse as they would elsewhere. Instead they lingered for weeks in the bowl formed by the city.

The experience of New Orleans shows that existential urban decay, the real death of cities, is rarely the result of a single catastrophe. "Suddenly there's nothing

there and the city falls apart," says Jennifer Cole of RUSI. "They're not caused by terrorist attacks, they're caused by generally slow, economic decline that suddenly reaches a tipping point. It's not a shock driven model."

That statement hints at a fundamental truth. Planning for catastrophe is a crucial exercise for city fathers, but it needs to take place as part of a wider assessment of real risk. Come hell, high water or terrorist outrage, London will probably be OK. The danger of planning for shock is that it can conceal a failure to deal with real dangers that are slower and less dramatic.

In the case of London, the enthusiastic prostitution of the British capital to the international super rich has pushed the cost of living up far beyond inflation. Between January and May of 2014 the average price of a London home rose by almost £80,000, according to data from the estate agency Rightmove - £80,000 is around three times the median UK household wage.

At the close of Daniel Percival's 2004 film *Dirty War* a mélange of news reports indicate that three-and-a-half square miles of central and eastern London may have to remain sealed off for as long as 30 years due to lingering radiation.

"Thousands of businesses caught in the contamination zone have been forced to close, millions of pensions, savings and trust funds may never recover," an announcer says. The real dénouement follows: "As London house prices continue to plummet, analysts warn that the full cost of the bombing is impossible to calculate."

The fact that it would take a beeping Geiger counter to make its housing affordable shows better than any fire drill where London's real vulnerabilities lie. **N**

### Writing worth keeping



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**THE**



**COLD**





# NEW



# WAR

As the ice melts to reveal untold riches at the top of the world,  
Russia and the USA are rushing to stake and defend their claims

**BY BOB REISS**



## The Cold War over a very cold place

The Arctic, which covers 8% of the Earth's surface, is warming twice as fast as the rest of the planet. With all that ice melting away, the region is in danger of becoming a modern-day Wild West - the world's biggest, richest and most dangerous boom-town.

"The Arctic is emerging on the world stage, and it is not yet settled whether businesses, governments and other operators can fully manage the risks," said a Council on Foreign Relations (CFR) report released in May 2015. Ice is disappearing so fast that the US Navy predicts the entire Arctic Ocean may be totally ice-free in summers by 2050, with ships able to traverse the top of the North Pole. Newly open waters are already multiplying security and rescue concerns for the US, says Admiral Dan Abel, who runs Coast Guard forces in Alaska. "Just the amount of new open water I have to deal with is the size of 45% of the continental US."

The new conditions are opening up new trade routes and areas for drilling, and the Arctic nations are moving to exploit the situation, with Russia taking the most aggressive action. In March, it launched massive military manoeuvres in the high North, involving 38,000 troops, more than 50 ships and 110 aircraft. "Russia has made a military build-up in the Arctic a strategic priority, restoring Soviet-era airfields and ports and marshalling naval assets," the CFR reported. Recently, Russian military planes called "bear bombers" resumed buzzing US airspace off the Alaskan coast, a practice last seen during the Cold War.

Navies and shipping companies hungrily eye those trade routes opening up as the ice disappears. Russia's northern sea-shipping route, the North-East Passage, became ice-free in summers in 2007, shortening the distance between Asia and Europe by as much as 30%, which saves fuel, cuts carbon emissions and helps shippers avoid the pirate-filled waters off the coast of Africa. Five cargo vessels sailed the new route in 2009; in 2013 it was 71. Russian President Vladimir Putin says he wants the Bering Strait, between Alaska and Russia, to become the next Suez Canal, and US Naval planners have taken to calling waters between Russia and Alaska "The Bering Gate".

It's a new kind of geo-political Cold War, one the US is losing. "We're not even in the same league as Russia right now," say Coast Guard commandant Paul F Zukunft. "We're not playing in this game at all." In the Arctic, the only way to move around on the surface of the sea in even light ice - to do search and rescue, lead other naval or commercial ships, or conduct heavy research - is on icebreakers. The US has only two, and "there's no money for new icebreakers," reports Fran Ulmer, head of the US Arctic Research Commission. Ulmer says an icebreaker can cost up to a billion dollars, and "it takes years to get one built". Russia operates 27 icebreakers, and China, which is not an Arctic nation, will have two by next year.

Tourist ships have also begun journeying into

Just after Christmas 2012, the Kulluk, a 250-foot floating oil-drill rig, swung like a metronome in the gale-force winds blowing through the Gulf of Alaska. The tug that had been towing the rig bobbed helplessly in 50-foot waves, her four diesel engines flooded. As the rig's skeleton crew of 18 drifted toward a barrier island, they knew that if the Kulluk hit, the ship might split open, spilling 143,000 gallons of diesel fuel and 12,000 gallons of hazardous fluids.

Fortunately, a Coast Guard helicopter team was able to swoop in and airlift the crew to safety and, though the rig hit the island a few days later, it never ruptured. A monumental ecological disaster was averted, mostly by luck.

The near-catastrophe was no surprise to environmentalists. They had warned there'd be problems if Shell, operator of the Kulluk, was permitted to drill offshore in the Arctic, arguing that the oil multinational wasn't prepared for the severe conditions in the far North.

This month, Shell will try to drill in the Arctic again. If it succeeds, the door flies open to wholesale American development in one of the Earth's last pristine places, and it will pave the way for the US to finally enter the global gold rush for the Arctic's riches.

But if, as environmentalists fear, another accident occurs, it might end attempts to drill the high North for years, and leave the US to fall far behind Canada, Russia and the other Arctic oceanfront countries in what may be the world's last great game of Monopoly.

Russian 'bear bombers' have resumed buzzing US airspace off Alaska





**Disaster averted: stranded drilling unit the Kulluk, operated by Shell, waits to be towed to safety**



the Arctic through the formerly iced-over and always treacherous North-West Passage - the 1500km commercial sea route over Alaska and northern Canada that Western explorers pinned for after Christopher Columbus accidentally discovered the American land barrier. For centuries, that ship graveyard crushed vessels with ice and killed crews with starvation, sickness or cold. In the most famed tragedy, crews of the British *Erebus* and *Terror* were trapped in the ice in 1848 - they walked off in search of rescue and ended up eating one another.

Those horror scenes are a far cry from the Passage now, as German cruise ships routinely carry holidaymakers through it. In 2016, the huge luxury liner *Crystal Serenity* is scheduled to sail from Seward, Alaska, to New York City, carrying as many as 1,000 passengers in its lounges, bars and state rooms. Cheapest tickets: \$21,455. Even private yachts have begun showing up off Barrow, at the top of Alaska, and neither the Coast Guard nor locals necessarily know they are coming. The adventurers on two such boats, Norwegian and Russians, told me they were surprised that when they transited through US Arctic waters they never had to show a passport or answer any questions. "We just walked ashore," one man said. With Barrow's airport less than a mile from the beach, any disembarking



sailor with a US driver's licence could buy a ticket on a daily commercial flight to Anchorage, and be anywhere in the States the next day.

#### **Snow globe syndrome**

Russia and China aren't strapping on just for some pretty vistas and quicker sailing routes. They know there's an astounding treasure pile of resources up North. Beneath the Arctic waters, projected oil and mineral finds - in particular, the potential new hydrocarbon reserves thought to lie off the coasts of Russia, Norway, Greenland and

Canada - have triggered an undersea land rush. All Arctic oceanfront nations currently own mineral rights beneath the waters of their continental shelves, an "exclusive economic zone" extending out from shore for 200 miles. But under the United Nations Convention on the Law of the Sea (UNCLOS), any coastal nation can now claim an additional 200 miles of sea bottom if they prove to a committee of UN-based scientists that the area is part of their continental shelf. Russia and Norway have already put in their claims.

For the past few summers, the US icebreaker

**We are whaling: "The ocean is our garden," said the leader of the local Iñupiat Eskimos who took Shell to court and won**

LOWELL GEORGIA/CORBIS





## The US Geological Survey says 13% of all undiscovered oil on Earth and 30% of all natural gas lies above the Arctic Circle

Healy has hosted scientists mapping and taking samples of the sea bottom off northern Alaska in preparation for the US making a similar claim - it could gain territory twice the size of California. But unlike other Arctic nations, the US currently cannot actually make any claims, because it is the only one that hasn't ratified the UN treaty, despite support for it from both the Bush and the Obama administrations, the military, shippers, oil companies, the National Chamber of Commerce and environmental groups.

Republican Senators have blocked UNCLOS for years. They object to a provision authorising the International Seabed Authority (ISA) to oversee deep sea mining, believing that any oversight of ocean issues by international bodies will diminish US sovereignty - this despite a 1994 revision giving the US veto power over any ISA decisions. Last time the treaty came up in the Senate, in 2012, 34 Republican Senators pledged to vote against it, effectively killing it, since a two-thirds majority is required for ratification.

After years of watching other countries make their moves in the region, Washington has been more focused on the Arctic in recent months. In January, President Obama issued an executive order to co-ordinate federal efforts under a national Arctic strategy. His administration has also encouraged greater communication between federal agencies responsible for Arctic drilling, which Shell says has been a big help. And in April, the US assumed chairmanship of the Arctic Council, a diplomatic body of eight Arctic nations designed to co-operatively deal with development and environmental issues in the region. So far, council states have agreed on search-and-rescue response protocols and marine oil pollution preparedness.

But, says Ulmer: "Money hasn't started flowing. Other Arctic nations have been more focused." Perhaps because the lower 48 states are not attached to Alaska, "the US does not self-identify as an Arctic nation," she says. "Getting the public support necessary to achieve funding is a tough battle."

In May, Alaska Senator Dan Sullivan introduced an amendment to the National Defense Authorizations Act requiring the Secretary of Defense to detail a military plan for the Arctic. "It's one thing to talk about these issues but another to have a forced posture that reaffirms our strategy," he tells *Newsweek*. "It's the snow globe syndrome. Americans in the lower 48 see us as something they see in a glass. It makes them feel good. But they don't take us seriously."

Of course, Shell Oil and the other companies that have purchased leases north of Alaska take

the Arctic very seriously. But those other companies aren't plunging into these chilly waters quite yet. They want to wait and see what happens to Shell before they try offshore drilling themselves. "Shell leads with their chin," one Conoco Phillips executive told me.

### Black gold and the fear of disaster

In 2008, Shell paid a record \$2.1bn for the Burger prospect, oil and gas leases in the Chukchi Sea, between the De Long Strait and Point Barrow, Alaska. Ironically, Shell was buying back from the government the right to drill in areas it had paid for in 1989 and 1990. Those old leases lapsed because Shell drilled in the wrong places. So did others - 35 wells were drilled in offshore Arctic waters by various companies between 1981 and 2002, but none hit oil. "We found gas, but weren't interested in gas," says Shell's executive vice president for the Arctic, Ann Pickard. "We walked away."

But by 2008, the situation had changed. The US Geological Survey published a report predicting that 13% of the world's undiscovered oil and 30% of all natural gas lies above the Arctic Circle, most of it underwater. "The extensive Arctic continental shelves may constitute the...largest unexplored prospective area for petroleum on Earth," it said.

At the same time, Alaskan land-based oil - which once supplied 20% of US needs - was drying up; the state's pipeline running two-thirds empty. Shell decided to take a fresh look at the old sites, using newly-developed, 3D seismic techniques and computer modeling. Shell agreed with USGS estimates: there were, it thought, 27 billion barrels of oil beneath the Chukchi Sea and also under the Beaufort Sea off Alaska, where the company paid \$84m for leases.

But buying oil leases in the US does not automatically give a company the right to drill. Shell still had to apply for more than 30 permits from a range of regulatory agencies including the Environmental Protection Agency, the Department of Interior and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration.

It might have weathered that process, but Shell made a strategic mistake: it failed to consult local Iñupiat Eskimos, who feared that drilling would frighten off whales and other marine mammals - which the Iñupiat depend on for food.

"The ocean is our garden," said Edward Itta, at the time the Mayor of North Slope Borough, the Wyoming-sized area comprising the top of Alaska. "Subsistence hunting, fishing and gathering are in our DNA. It's who we are."

Itta's lawyers teamed up with other Eskimo and environmental groups and took Shell to court, charging that the Mineral Management Service - the Department of Interior's federal agency responsible for permitting drilling at that time - failed to conduct the scientific research that would prove whether the Beaufort drill plan would harm sea mammals and discharge dangerous air and water pollution.

The court ruled against Shell, so it began modifying its drill plans. But year by year, the



Have an ice trip: ecotourists at a boat's bow in pack ice. Now cruise liners carry holidaymakers through the North-West Passage



## Shell has invested \$7bn in its Arctic project without yet pulling a single resource out of the undersea land

lawsuits multiplied, with more environmental groups joining in.

The federal agencies grew more frightened of suits, and the permit process grew more complex. Just the application for the clean air permit ran to 1,400 pages, weighed seven pounds and took Shell staffers months to compose. By 2012, Shell had sunk \$4bn into studies, applications, leases and preparation without ever drilling.

Most Iñupiat opposition dropped away after Shell shrank its plans and promised to stay away during whale-hunting weeks. Shell finally drilled that summer, briefly, but did not get far enough to hit the expected oil reserves. Then the Kulluk ran aground on that barrier island and Shell shut down again, despite the fact that, as Pickard points out: “The actual drilling in 2012 went well. The Kulluk accident happened when the season was over, and not even in the Arctic. It happened after we left.”

Nevertheless, the near-disaster triggered federal investigations along with charges of mismanagement and incompetence. So Shell reworked its plans yet again. Finally, on 11 May this year, the Department of the Interior’s Office of Environment ruled that Shell’s offshore plan will cause “no significant impact” to waters or wildlife off Northern Alaska. Precautions include a tapping cap to stop spills (modelled on the one that ended the Gulf of Mexico spill in 2010), employing two tugs instead of one for each rig, and having federal observers on rigs 24 hours a day. There will also be stricter oversight of private contractors, whose negligence in 2012 – unreported engine stoppages and failure to notify the Coast Guard of hazardous conditions aboard the drillship Discoverer – resulted in a plea agreement and \$12.2m in fines and community service payments. Shell has also agreed to consult with Iñupiat elders regarding any effects the project may have on marine mammals.

In June, Shell’s ships gathered in Dutch Harbor in Alaska’s Aleutian Islands, where volcanic peaks protect a deep-water harbour, more than 1,000 miles from the eventual drill site. And early this month, the 30-vessel fleet – including two oil rigs, supply barges, icebreakers, worker housing, and even an oil tanker to collect any spill – is scheduled, if final permits come through, to make the journey along the Aleutian chain, and turn north into the Bering Strait, where the US and Russia lie only 40 miles apart. Eventually, the fleet will reach the Chukchi Sea, where the Shell team will begin sinking two exploratory wells. The company has now invested \$7bn in its Arctic project without yet pulling a single resource out of the undersea land.

“We believe that area is a potential Gulf of Mexico,” says Pickard. “We see future production of over one million barrels a day.” But environmentalists fear the project will end in disaster, even if Shell strikes black gold.

“If the worst happens, there’s no way to clean or contain an oil spill in ice,” says Erik Graf, an attorney for Earth Justice, a non-profit environmental law organisation. “Even the

best-prepared companies are not up to conditions in the Arctic.” In early June, Earth Justice and a consortium of environmental groups filed suits contesting Shell’s venture.

Though the eskimo whaling captains didn’t join in these new suits, they also remain wary. In early June, Harry Brower Jr of Barrow, a whale hunter and President of the Alaska Eskimo Whaling Commission, sat in his office, at the northern tip of America, 320 miles north of the Arctic Circle and across a street from a black-sand beach and the Chukchi Sea. Spring whaling season had just ended. The view, black water and white ice, was not so different from what his ancestors looked at 4,000 years ago. The bowhead whales had recently migrated past Barrow on their way to their summer feeding grounds off Canada.

“We have a lot of unanswered questions,” he said. “We don’t know how the sound [of drilling and ships] will affect the sea animals. We don’t know what happens if there’s an oil spill. Clean-up technology may prove inadequate. Oil clean-up has been tested in calm seas. I’m not sure that knowledge would apply in 40mph winds and 13-foot seas.”

Pickard says that if Shell finds the hoped-for bonanza this summer, the company will still need to begin a whole new process of applications before being allowed to extract it. Shell would have to build a new Alaska pipeline across the tundra to carry the undersea oil and link up with the existing pipeline, which runs from the land-based fields at Prudhoe Bay to Valdez. New construction would require “the world’s biggest environmental impact statement,” says Pickard, adding that “the earliest actual production could begin would be between 2025 and 2030”.

The barriers nearly drove Shell to give up, she admits. “We came to the edge of walking away more than once. The biggest argument against that was, if we do not develop these resources, somebody else will. If Burger works, it will open up the whole area.”

The fate of Shell’s Arctic projects over the next few years will be one of the key indicators of how the US juggles the seemingly impossible task of maintaining its political sphere of influence and staking claims in exploding commercial opportunities while also confronting and managing the growing environmental dangers of the North.

Pickard will retire after the Alaska operation whether or not it is a success, she says, but she still feels the pressure. “As I travel to other Arctic countries, other governments say to me, ‘The whole world is watching you. Make sure you are successful. If you’re not, it will hurt us in other parts of the Arctic’. I think this summer is historic. A historic burden.” ■



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# **REVEREND FOREFATHERS**

**(AND ONE FOREMOTHER)**

The wooden board on the wall of a Sussex church lists its rectors as far back as 1195.

Just 47 names touch 10 centuries in a journey whose parochial details illuminate the great sweep of English history

**BY YSENDA  
MAXTONE GRAHAM**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AMIT LENNON  
FOR NEWSWEEK



## RECTORS OF WALDRON

1195 BARTHOLOMEW  
1233 RICHARD  
1283 HENRY DE SPORLE  
1335 HUGH  
1362 JOHN DECHYNYNGS  
1370 JOHN DE GRANTHAM  
1373 ROBERT WILLOUGHBY  
1416 THOMAS HAMMOND  
1417 JOHN HEEN  
1458 MATTHEW BRANDRETH  
1459 WILLIAM TRACY  
1484 WILLIAM MILL, B.D.  
1485 ROBERT KYRKLAND  
1490 EDMUND WHITE  
1491 ROBERT FRANKYSSHE  
1504 GILES BANYS  
1535 WILLIAM HOWE, Bishop  
1542 HUGH HARRIS  
1554 JOHN FISSHER  
1558 JOHN ATHERTON, M.A.  
1595 JAMES TOMPSETT  
1602 RICHARD MELBORNE, S.T.P.  
1611 RALPH KEYLLWAY, B.A.  
1614 JOHN WILLARD, M.A.

1617 ROBERT DUNVILE, M.A.  
1620 SAMUEL JONES  
1654 EZEKIEL CHARKE  
1670 JOHN TATTERSALL  
1707 RICHARD LIDGOULD, M.A.  
1729 JAMES HARGRAVES, S.T.P.  
1742 THOMAS JAMES, M.A.  
1757 WILLIAM DELVES, M.A.  
1784 SIR HENRY POOLE, BART., LL.B.  
1821 THOMAS RAYNES, B.A.  
1850 JOHN LEY, B.D.  
1880 GEORGE HERBERT CURTEIS, Canon.  
1882 WILLIAM JOHN HUMBLE-CROFTS.  
1925 REGINALD W.D. STEPHENSON.  
1944 PERCY WILLMOTT JENKINS, M.A.  
1957 ROY WILLIAM DAWE  
1960 HAROLD BARNETT JOHNSON, M.A.  
1975 TERENCE STEPHEN STRATFORD  
1982 DAVID JAMES PASKINS, M.A.  
1992 ROY WILFRED GREENLAND.  
2002 JANE SHERWIN  
2010 DAVID GORDON CHARLES MA.  
2013 GEORGE PITCHER



andering around the medieval parish church of All Saints, Waldron, in East Sussex, two hours south of London, in the day-dreamy way in which most of us wander around churches, absent-mindedly gazing at the stained glass windows and thinking prayerful thoughts while inhaling the scent of hymnbooks and brass-polish, it is easy to miss The Plank.

This “Plank” is an unassuming polished wooden rectangular noticeboard hanging on the wall just behind the church door. Even the current rector, George Pitcher, is taken by surprise whenever he stops to look at it. “Blimey!” he thinks, as he reads the words “2013 GEORGE PITCHER” in gold lettering at the bottom right-hand corner. “That’s me!”

The Plank lists all the rectors of Waldron since the church was consecrated 820 years ago. What makes Pitcher say “Blimey!” is not the fact that he’s a rector of Waldron – though that’s surprising enough, considering he’s also a journalist and entrepreneur in London, and came late to ordination, at the age of 50. It’s that his name is merely the last in a very long list of his predecessors. Go upwards from Pitcher’s name and, in just 46 short steps, back from rector to rector, you come to the surname-less “Bartholomew” in 1195. When you look at The Plank, you’re in fact looking at the vast sweep of English history, and suddenly the distant past doesn’t seem quite so distant. Go into any Anglican church and you’ll be likely to find a board just like this, on which the centuries are compressed into neat gold lettering.

Moreover, it’s possible to flesh out the names on The Plank, of whom there are eight Johns, four Roberts, four Williams, two Roys, and only one Ezekiel. Let’s start with George Pitcher himself. Genial, friendly, a father of four, Pitcher, along with two-thirds of today’s Church of England clergy, is non-stipendiary, or, to

use the Church’s own euphemistic expression, “self-supporting”: ie, he’s not paid for his work as a rector. This is fine by him. He does this job part-time, spending Monday to Thursday working in London and Thursday to Sunday in Waldron, taking services, getting to know the congregation of the two churches in his parish, and living in his own house rather than a church-owned rectory. Friday mornings are often taken up with funerals.

He loves his job. “Non-stipendiaries are ordained into the priesthood in the secular world,” he tells me. “It suits me and many like me to take our priesthood into the lay world.” While others fret about the decline of rural parishes, Pitcher is optimistic: he has faith in the generous-spirited laity who have to “step up to the plate” while he is away, and do so willingly. “The laity have really taken ownership of the church,” he says. When he stands at the altar in All Saints, saying the words of the Eucharist, he’s overcome by a sense of tradition and the magnitude of what he’s doing. “Every time you consecrate, you are re-creating the first Last Supper.” He thinks of the 46 rectors before him who have stood on the same spot.

Out in the churchyard, half-buried in the long grass, sits a huge, bashed-looking stone bowl – “one hell of an ashtray”, as Pitcher describes it. During the English Civil War (1642-51), when the church was stripped by Puritans who wanted to do away with ornament, this font was dragged out of the church and kicked down the hill, where it served for two-and-a-half centuries as a cattle trough at one of the local farms. In the early 1900s it was brought back up the hill again.

Looking at this font/trough, I wonder which rector on the list had to witness the distressing event of its removal? Was it Samuel Jones or Ezekiel Charke? This story is a reminder of the upheavals that marked the English church and its incumbents: the break from Rome in Henry VIII’s time, then the return to Rome under Mary, then the unsettled time early in Elizabeth I’s reign and the further chaos of the Civil War. Let alone the Black Death, the Great Plague and the First World War.

As we leave the churchyard Pitcher points out the grave of a young man: Arthur Humble-Crofts, son of the rector from 1882-1925, William Humble-Crofts. Humble-Crofts lost two sons to the First World War: Cyril died in 1916 and is buried in France; Arthur died of wounds in 1918 and is buried here. His grave is just by the gate from the churchyard to what is now the sold-off Old Rectory; Humble-Crofts (rector here for 42



**Latest in line: George Pitcher in the churchyard of All Saints, Waldron, where he is rector**

Christmases) walked past his son’s grave every time he went from home to the church or back. Upon the outbreak of war, he had given a stirring sermon, inspiring many young men like his sons to join up and fight for King and country.

Pitcher leaves me in the house of two pillars of the local church, Angela and Tim Hough, who fill me in on the most recent

1195

Bartholomew becomes first rector

1348-50

The Black Death

1534

Henry VIII breaks away from Rome





names. Just by talking to these people, I am taken back 11 rectors, all in living memory, and the bare names turn into characters.

“Reginald Stevenson baptised me in 1942,” says John Chambers, who has happened to wander into the Houghs’ house while I am there. [Stevenson is 10th rector from the end.] “And my mother was a girl here under Humble-Crofts. She had to walk two miles to church and back because her father wouldn’t get the pony and trap out on a Sunday. The rector I remember

Jenkins had a ruddy complexion, Welsh accent, hair swept back. He had high blood pressure from the booze, and married his housekeeper

best is the Revd Percy Willmott Jenkins [ninth from the end]. I used to sing in the church choir as a boy: we were robbed, with ruffs, two services on Sundays. Jenkins had a ruddy complexion, slight Welsh accent, hair swept back. He loved the Welsh hymn *Jesu, Lover of my Soul*. He had high blood pressure from the booze. He lost his first wife and married his housekeeper.”

The Revd. Hugh Barrett-Johnson (seventh from the end) had “a most peculiar way of talking,” according to my hosts. “He looked

1553-58



Catholic restoration under “Bloody” Mary



1159



The Elizabethan Settlement



1642-51



The English Civil War





**“One hell of an ashtray”: the font, left, that the Puritans threw out in the Civil War was returned to the church in the early 1900s. Above, the altar and stained-glass window**

like a frog and spoke out of the side of his mouth. He had no sense of humour; his wife was pretty dull and strait-laced. If you were an academic you enjoyed his preaching. It was above most people’s heads.” And so on: a typical hotchpotch of eccentric clergy, with their weird ways and idiosyncratic habits which the parishioners either liked or didn’t. “Roy Greenland had a thing about cleanliness.” With each of these thumbnail sketches (“David Paskins looked a bit like Jesus, on a bike, with flowing robes, whistling. He was brilliant with children; always used to play ‘the rector’s cat’”), I wish we could carry on like this all the way back to Bartholomew, but far too soon we go into the dark mists of the past beyond memory.

Arriving home I lay my hands on a copy of *Crockford’s Clerical Directory* and find telephone numbers for some of the more recent names on the list. Telephone numbers! So, could some of those names actually speak? I dare to dial one of the numbers - and Jane Sherwin answers. I nearly jump out of my skin. Jane Sherwin is the only female name on The Plank. She’s alive, well, retired, and living near Lewes.

“What was it like to be the only woman on that list?” I ask her.

“A great privilege,” she says. “It gave me an enormous sense of history, to be the first woman in a long, long line.”

“Was there any objection to having a woman as the priest?”

“A few parishioners who were against the ordination of women left the church before I even got there. But I found that once people got to know me and saw me robed and taking the services, they became more comfortable with the fact that the ceiling hadn’t fallen in, and life went on.”

“Did you ever wonder who Bartholomew was? The first rector on that long list?”

“Yes, I did,” she says. “I think Bartholomew was a Knight Templar, who had come back from the Crusades. A lot of the Knights Templar were priests as well. I imagine him dressed in simple garb, tired after the fighting and the long journey home, and he was given this living by the Priory of Lewes as a reward.”

So - Bartholomew and Pitcher, both men with more than one job, and both men in simple garb: Bartholomew (1195) in a brown

tunic; Pitcher (2015) in jeans and a shirt on a Friday afternoon. Bartholomew tired after fighting the Crusades; Pitcher tired after a hard week in the London rat-race.

This is an inspiring link. But how to flesh out the many links in between? It’s all very well looking at the names of rectors of Waldron and seeing the vast sweep of English history, but what happens if you look through the other end of the telescope? If you look at the vast sweep of English history, can you find any rectors of Waldron?

I go to the East Sussex archives in the hope of doing exactly that. They’re housed in an institution called The Keep at Falmer. I expected this to be a castle-style keep and am surprised when it turns out to be a building with all the charm of a Detention Centre: white, spotless, and governed by rules. No entry without ID; pencils only; all documents to be ordered online, no more than three at a time, so you have to spend hours in this place’s chilly silence. You go to the counter to collect the document you’ve ordered - and into this strip-lit air-conditioned room of 21st-century hygiene comes a beautiful old grubby parchment book that may not have seen the light of day for a hundred years - and probably wishes it hadn’t.

The parchment book now in my hands is the Mixed Register of Waldron Parish

**The font was dragged out of the church and kicked down the hill, where it served for two-and-a-half centuries as a cattle trough**

**1665-66**

**The Great Plague**

**1830s**

**Exeter College becomes church patron**

**1882-1925**

**Arthur Humble-Crofts becomes rector**



Church from 1564 to 1648. It lists the names of every parishioner who was baptised, married or buried in the church over that tumultuous century, and there are thousands of names crammed together in brown ink: "Thomas the sonne of John Hawkins", and so on. So many baptised, so many dead! After wading through pages of names of the forgotten dead, I find one of the rectors who did this hatching, matching and dispatching: "Radalpho Keyllway Rectore ecclesia," scribbled along the margin. Yes! He's on The Plank: "1611 Ralph Keyllway, BA" is the penultimate name at the bottom of column 1. Is that Ralph's own handwriting? I hoped so. Then, a few pages later, another rector, "John Willard", in different handwriting.

No mention, of course, of whether these rectors had swept-back hair or Welsh accents or which hymns they liked. These all-important details are gone. Other documents handed over the counter to me that day include the farewell letter from the Revd GH Curteis in 1882 to the parishioners ("I can safely promise that, as long as my life shall last, the time I spent at beautiful WALDRON shall never be forgotten by me") and the certificate of the institution of Sir Henry Poole as rector in 1784 ("I do declare that I will conform to the liturgy of the Church of England as it is now by law established"). There is a pile of Victorian letters from the Revd John Ley's widow, about the new church font, but these are frustratingly illegible, simply a series of ultra-diagonal strokes in blue ink.

It is time to go to an expert: Dr Andrew Foster, honorary Senior Research Fellow in History at the University of Kent. I visit him at his home in West Sussex, where he shows me an essential online resource: the Clergy of the Church of England Database, founded in 1999 by three inspired dons from different universities: Dr Stephen Taylor at Reading, Dr Arthur Burns at King's College London, and Dr Kenneth Fincham at the University of Kent. You can enter the name of any of England's 9,000 parishes and find records of their clergy from 1540 to 1835. We click on "Waldron", and there are all our Plank friends. And not just our Plank friends: an equally long list of the curates as well. These "unsung heroes", as Foster explains, were often the men who did the hard work (like Pitcher's laity) while

the rectors themselves were away. He shows me a book called *The Curate's Lot* by Tindal Hart, which throws light on the lives of these underpaid and under-recognised underlings, who often had to double as the local schoolmaster to pay the bills, while the rectors raked in rent from the glebe land. "If I'd designed these boards," Foster says, "I would have included the curates."

These boards, however, need to be taken with a dose of salt: "Just because they're wood does not make them more reliable than paper or parchment." The database tells us who was rector and curate, and all too often it's 'libc', which stands for 'liber cleri', which simply means that there was a visit and it was recorded which rector (and curate) was in place on that day. "James Tompsett woz 'ere", in effect.

Nos 1 to 16 (1195-1535) were dug out in 1900 by "an antiquarian buff" called George Hennessey, who compiled *The Clergy List for Sussex*. Waldron's patron in those early days was the Cluniac Priory of Lewes, and Foster thinks many of those early rectors would have been monks from the Priory. The Black Death of the 1350s doesn't seem to have worked its darkest deeds on the Waldron clergy: "Hugh" carried on healthily from 1335 to 1362 while John de Grantham, in the 1370s, lasted only three years.

"1536 William Howe, Bishop" is a name that catches Andrew Foster's eye. A bishop of where, exactly? Well, it turns out that he was a bishop not in England but of Orense in Spain. This shows us how well-connected the English church was with Europe in the high days of the early 1530s, before the break with Rome and the ensuing insularity.

Henry VIII dissolved the Priory of Lewes and saw to its systematic destruction. He gave the land to the Sackville family, who became the church's patrons from the late 1530s until the 1830s when Exeter College, Oxford took over.

The first rector in the new post-Catholic era was Hugh Harris. The database tells us that this poor man was "deprived" of his job in 1554. Why? Well, by 1554 Mary was on the throne, fiercely Catholic and enforcing a short-lived restoration. "So either Harris was Protestant and refused to serve under Mary," says Foster, "or he was deprived because he'd married. The clergy had been allowed to marry during Edward VI's time, but when Mary took the throne, all married clergy were ejected."

We like to think that things became much more settled when Elizabeth I's reign began, but that, says Foster, is far from

the case. "The whole task of the 'Elizabethan Settlement' took longer and was much more messy than previously thought. As many as two-thirds of the livings in Sussex became vacant in 1558-1560: Catholics resigning, Catholics being deprived, and also there was a devastating flu epidemic."

Of all 47 rectors on The Plank, only one is famous enough to earn a place in the Oxford Dictionary of National Biography, and that's Richard Melborne (1602). The name should be spelled Milbourne, Foster says. Milbourne even has a Wikipedia entry. This man went on to be Dean of Rochester and then Bishop of Carlisle. His Waldron job doesn't even get mentioned in the Wikipedia entry. "We know that he was rector of Sevenoaks from 1591 to 1616."

"But how could he be?" I protest. "He was rector of Waldron at that time! That's bigamy, isn't it? Being the rector of two places at once?"

"Not bigamy," Foster assures me, "but pluralism. It was happening all the time in those days: clergy were allowed to hold more than one living. It helped them make money. That's why you needed the curates."

The tumult went on: the Church of England was abolished after the Civil War, during which time the Archbishop of Canterbury was executed. "The Triers and Ejectors" came round all the parishes: the clergy had to have references and "be vouched for". Ezekiel Charke must have passed that test. He must have been evangelical, Foster thinks; but he managed to stay in position when Charles II came back and the Church became zealously Royalist again. After this, we see a profusion of letters after names on The Plank: signs of an increasingly educated clergy, with university degrees. This may well reflect the Sackville family's tastes for the well-educated and the long climb towards the modern era.

The Plank is now full. Its Victorian designers did not foresee that the future would contain quite so many rectors. Thankfully, it did, and will continue to do so, as long as the Church of England doesn't decide to close rural churches to cut costs. George Pitcher is optimistic that this won't happen. It's time to start a new Plank: and this time he wants to make it double the size. ■



#### Ysenda Maxtone Graham

is an author of four books. "The Real Mrs Miniver" was shortlisted for the Whitbread Biography Award in 2002

🐦 @YsendaMG

Going down of the son: William Humble-Crofts, rector for 42 years, lost two boys to the First World War. The second is buried here

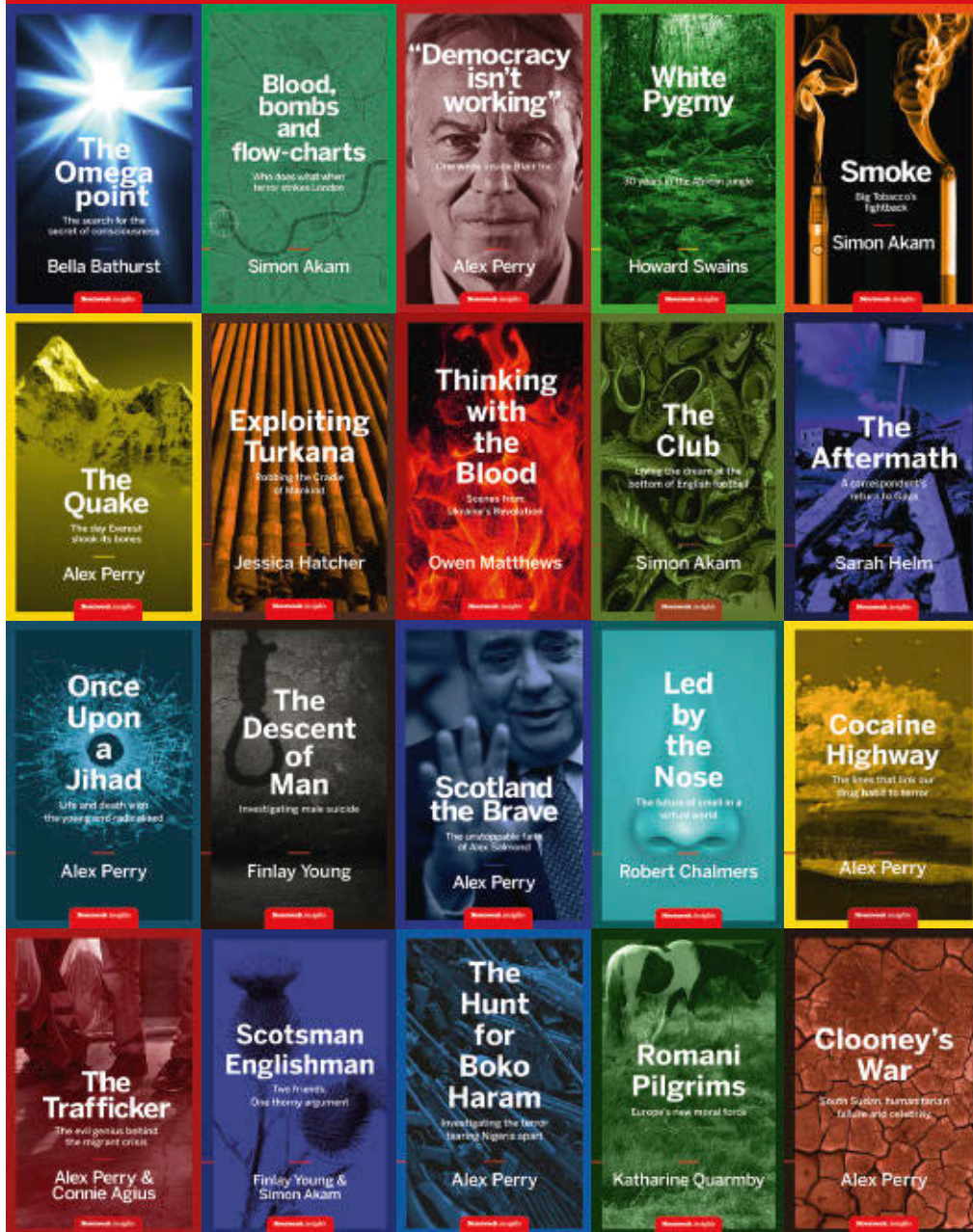


1914-1918  
✠  
The First World War

2002  
✠  
Jane Sherwin becomes first woman rector

2013  
✠  
George Pitcher becomes rector

# Newsweek®



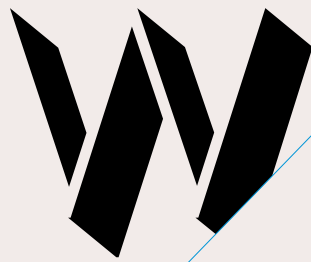
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# WEEKEND

TRAVEL | FILM | FASHION | ART | BOOKS | EXHIBITIONS | KIT | CULTURE | MY WEEKEND



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# THE JEWELS OF JORDAN

Forged in battle by the legendary T.E. Lawrence, the country is now the calmest in the Middle East. Get there before Isis does



On a dusty hill in the suburbs of Amman, the capital of Jordan, I visited the late King Hussein's magnificent automobile collection, opened to the public as a museum. Amid rows of gleaming motorcycles, I passed a brightly-coloured Japanese racer and a low-riding American chopper, and my eyes fell on one dark model that stood behind them. This, a placard told me, was a Brough Superior, British-made and once common in Jordan as a motorcycle used for military purposes.

I knew something else about the bike - it was the same model that an airman called T.E. Shaw had been riding when he died in an accident in Dorset, England, in 1935; in his youth, T.E. Shaw had been called T.E. Lawrence, known to the world as "Lawrence of Arabia", and he had played a vital role in the creation of the Kingdom of Jordan and the rest of the modern Middle East.

Jordan is an island of peace and stability in a sea of turmoil. There is almost nowhere in the region that is safer to visit. Yet it is a country forged in the heat of battle, when the Arabs of the Ottoman Empire revolted and were supported by the British as a means of diverting Ottoman attentions from the main theatres of the First World War.

Lawrence was a young British officer despatched to support the Hashemites, a noble Arab family that had taken leadership of the Revolt. In Jordan, which is

ruled today by the Hashemites, the story of the Revolt is one of the plucky Bedouin, nomads from the desert, driving the Turks out of Arab lands, only to be betrayed by the Great Powers as Britain and France carved up the Middle East. In the West, the story is that told by Lawrence in his memoirs, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, and by David Lean, the film-director, in *Lawrence of Arabia*, about the small, wiry, blue-eyed officer who led daring raids on Turkish railways and defied Bedouin warnings to cross the Nefud desert and capture the Turkish port-town of Aqaba. In Jordan, where Lean's film is banned, they will tell you that Lawrence was a map-maker sent by the British from Cairo as one of many military attachés, and that his role was limited to that of a staff officer to the Hashemites - they may be closer to the mark.

Whatever the truth of it may be, a visit to Jordan colours in the stories of that campaign. On a camel trek in Wadi Rum, a beautiful, wide valley set between tall sandstone hills, the Bedouin showed me the small house where Lawrence wrote his reports, and the rock-carving of his face that commemorates the time he spent there as the Hashemites gathered the tribes for the assault. In the port of Aqaba, by the sparkling Red Sea, filled with snorkellers and Scuba divers and glass-bottomed boats, still stands the Ottoman fort that the Arabs captured to open their supply-lines to the British

in Egypt. Outside, towering above the gleaming hotels and beach resorts, one of the tallest flagpoles in the world flies the banner of the Arab Revolt.

But it was on the road north from Aqaba, near Ma'an, that I saw Lawrence's exploits come most vividly to life. Phosphate, mined to the north of Amman, is still carried to the port of Aqaba along one of the last remaining stretches of the Hejaz Railway, the line built by the Ottomans to connect Damascus to the holy city of Medina in western Arabia. This was the very railway - unprotected by embankments or cuttings, trickling like a rivulet through the wide valleys of the desert - that Lawrence and the Arabs attacked with explosives to such devastating effect. While we waited at a level-crossing, the long phosphate train trundled slowly by, shunted from behind by a stocky locomotive. As the sunlight sparkled on the white dust that blew off the wagons, I thought for just a moment I could see a little Oxfordshire man, dressed in white robes and riding a camel, leading a band of Bedouin in a daring charge across the sand.

I must here confess that my interest in Lawrence is not just the fascination of a Briton for one of our heroes - Winston Churchill called Lawrence "one of the greatest human beings alive in our time [...] His name will live in history". I was given a first edition of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* that had been handed down through my family from a friend of Lawrence



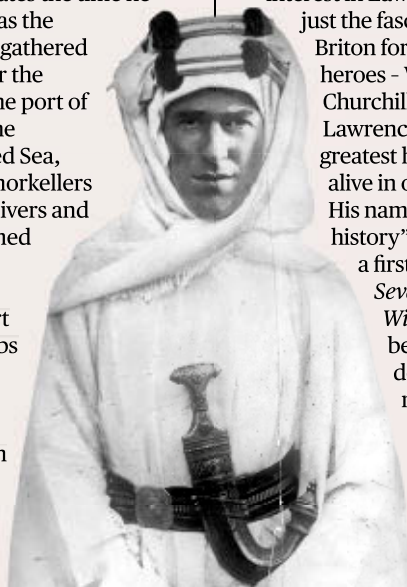
Past glories: the Graeco-Roman colonnaded streets of Jerash and, left, the real Lawrence of Arabia

himself. And my uncle's old friend, Michael Asher, formerly of the Special Air Service and a survivor of the first recorded crossing of the Sahara desert, west-to-east, by non-mechanical means, retraced Lawrence's war-time expeditions in Jordan to test their veracity once and for all. His conclusions were not flattering. Yet, for all his delusion and fabrications, Lawrence and his legend remain fascinating. In me at least, he lit a flame of curiosity that led me to read Arabic at university and ultimately to move to Egypt and then to Saudi Arabia.

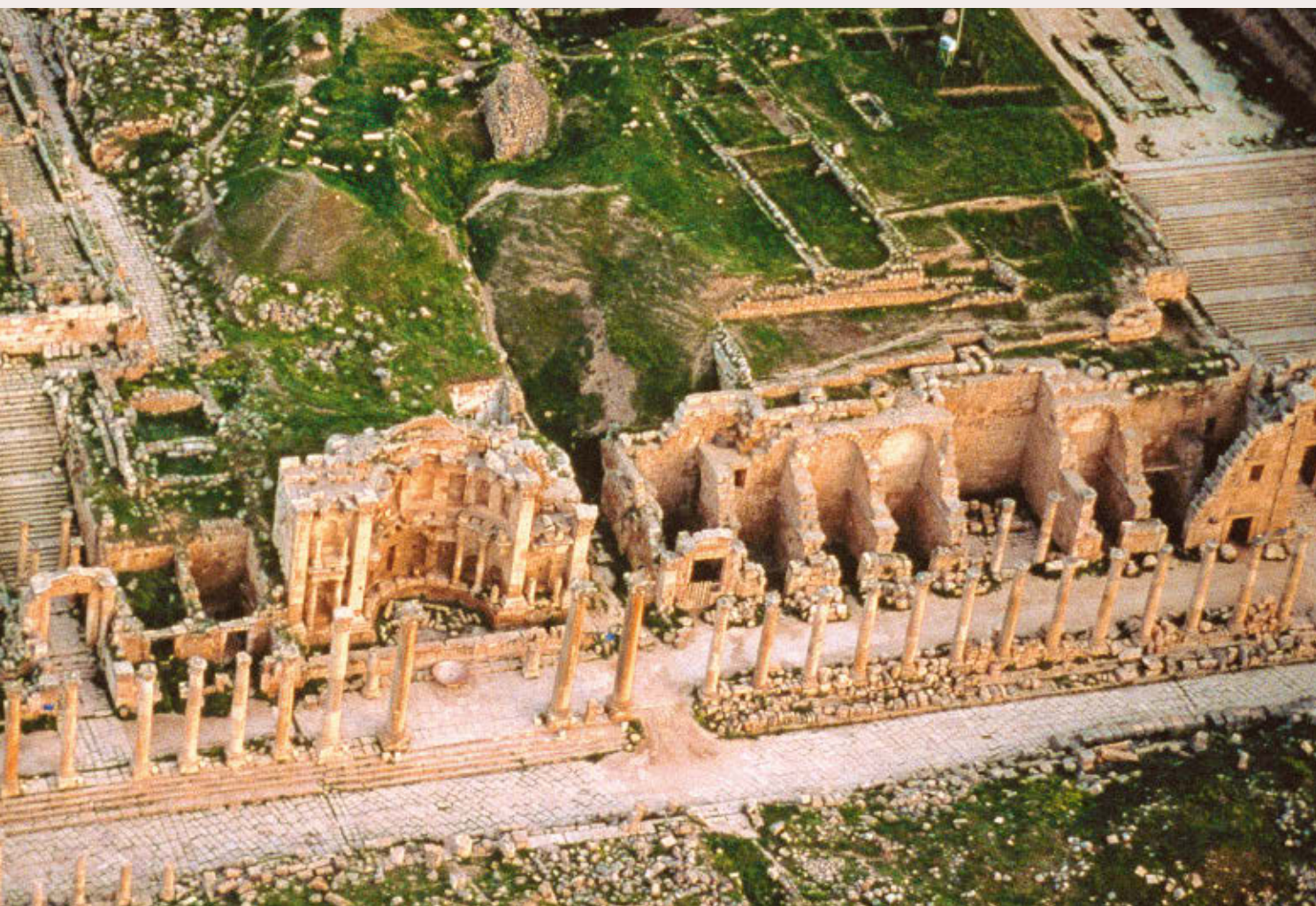
But even a visitor uninterested in Lawrence will find much to divert him in Jordan. A country poor in

## While you're there

Try knafeh nabulsi, a cheese pastry steeped in sugar-syrup, best from street-side stands







## Field Guide

**Getting there:** Flights go to Amman or Aqaba, pick up a hire-car or join a tour. Lawrence-themed tours can be organised through [dakkakjordan.com](http://dakkakjordan.com) and [jordanbeauty.com](http://jordanbeauty.com).

**Where to stay:** Captain's desert camp in Wadi Rum ([captains-jo.com](http://captains-jo.com)), Crowne Plaza on the Dead Sea, Mövenpick Resort at Petra, and the Dana Guesthouse in Dana (phone: +962 3 227 0498) are all good options.

**What to read:** *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* by T E Lawrence, and Michael Asher's chapter on camel expeditions in the RGS's Expedition Handbook.

almost all natural resources - water, oil, gas, timber, fertile land - Jordan is remarkably rich in cultural heritage: the magnificent Hidden City of Petra; the theatres and temples and colonnaded streets of Jerash, a Graeco-Roman city to rival Palmyra and Pompeii; the prehistoric rock carvings on boulders and cliffs in the moon-like desert of Wadi Rum; the Christian sites, like Mount Nebo, where Moses died; the valleys where you might glimpse an eagle, a hyena, or an Arabian leopard.

For all its pleasant peacefulness and richly-cultivated tourism, I was struck by a sense of urgency, too. The tragic consequences of the Islamic State organisation's successes can be felt like ripples from a stone in a pool: in the

Eastern Desert, in place of the black wool tents traditionally favoured by the Bedouin, I saw many white tarpaulins, stamped "UNHCR" by the United Nations agency that had supplied them as emergency shelters to Syrian and Iraqi refugees - the Bedouin buy these when the refugees are moved to formal camps.

The Isis threat is grave for Jordan's cultural heritage too. One of the finest sites in all Jordan is the hunting-lodge at Quseir Amra. From outside, it is only small, nothing much to look at - a bath-house with cool bedrooms for the end of a day's hunting, built by a prince of the Umayyad dynasty in the early eighth century. Inside, every wall, even up to the domed ceilings of the bathrooms, is adorned with brightly-coloured frescoes: hunting scenes;

bathing scenes with men and women shown naked and sporting in the water; merrymaking in the evening with banquets served to the hungry hunters. It is one of the finest examples of secular art of the early Islamic period - it is also in an isolated spot, far from any city, with nothing but empty desert to the nearby Iraqi border.

Now is a good time to visit it - as anyone who once dreamed of visiting Baghdad or Aleppo, Nimrud or Palmyra will tell you, it is something that should not be put off too long.



### By George Richards

Senior fellow at Iraq Heritage and leader of ethnographic field work

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# WHEN LOVE MAKES NO SENSE

Sam Esmail splices together crucial scenes from different times in a relationship to bring out the appalling randomness of love



**Rudolph Herzog**

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Love is a frustrating thing. At times elusive, at others overwhelming, it can create both blissful harmony and perplexing paradoxes. Some deny it even exists.

"I believe all relationships eventually deteriorate into hate and indifference," says Dell (Justin Long), the protagonist of the offbeat romance *Comet*. He makes this remark within minutes of meeting Kimberly (Emmy Rossum), the love of his life. Dell is a young scientist and totally convinced that the attraction between boys and girls is just hormonal, no more.

Considering this mechanistic view of human relations, it is remarkable what risks he takes to hook up with Kimberly, a total stranger. Dell asks for her phone number while they are queuing for a mysterious comet shower event (in a cemetery). The risky part is that she is with a date, the handsome Josh (Eric Winter) who is not at all pleased to see a rival on the scene. But despite the odds against him, Dell insists on making his pitch.

Since Sam Esmail's film is a fairytale romance, the improbable happens and Kimberly is won over by Dell's chutzpah and razor-sharp intelligence. She ditches her date and runs off with him. She



**Star-crossed lovers: Justin Long and Emmy Rossum explore the complex galaxy of mutual attraction**

should perhaps have stayed with her good-looking simpleton, for Dell turns out to be incredibly hard work: brutally direct, miserable, self-obsessed and lacking empathy. For her part, Kimberly has a much less fraught emotional life.

*Comet* cleverly uses the

methods of anatomical investigation to dissect what happens when two such dissimilar people fall in love. Film-maker Sam Esmail splices together crucial scenes from Dell and Kimberly's six-year on-off relationship and pores over them to find a diagnosis. By ignoring chronology and cutting the scenes together seemingly arbitrarily, Esmail creates an uncanny sense of concurrence, exposing the fissures in their relationship.

Thus *Comet* lays bare the appalling randomness of love and how it can fuse incompatible partners together. The vegetarian argues with the meat-eater, the friend of Bach with the pop music aficionado, the slob with the clean freak.

Worse still are cases in which there is everyday compatibility, but disagreement on the larger picture. Kimberly and Dell belong in this second category. While it turns out that their different emotional natures fit together well, there is one vital flaw: she wants children and he does not. As the film

progresses, it becomes increasingly clear that despite loving each other these two can't actually be together.

And time is ticking. "Beware of girls from whom you have stolen their twenties," remarks Kimberly ominously. As past, present and future are juxtaposed, one comes to understand that Dell's intellect, which initially won Kimberly over, later corrodes their partnership.

He ducks behind his wordy cynicism to deflect the responsibility that comes with growing up. That the film gives him a second chance and (possibly) even a third makes it pretty fantastical. In real life, the Dells of this world sooner or later get jilted and dispatched.

To be fair, Sam Esmail plays with open cards, painting his images in surreal pastel colours and setting it in what he calls a "separate universe". So while some of the story's twists are about as likely as being hit by a comet, the ride is enjoyable, a journey into the complex galaxy of mutual attraction.

## Free-form films

Despite Aristotle ruling that stories must have a beginning, middle and end, many clever movies ignore the "classical" structure. *Memento* (2000) is a thriller told backwards; it starts with the last scene and ends with the first. Viewers feel they've lost their short-term memory – precisely what happens to the main character. Other great films like Haneke's *Piano Teacher* (2001) or Woody Allen's *You Will Meet a Dark Stranger* (2010) do not really have an ending at all since life frequently doesn't have any resolutions either.

## When and where

*Comet* is being released gradually across Europe



# BEST-DRESSED MAN OF THE SUMMER

Leave those beachwear atrocities behind – even the British are learning from Italy and starting to dress with casual confidence when the temperature rises



**Alice Hart-Davis**

Twitter: @AliceHartDavis

Summer holidays approach. Mmmm. But what to wear? Oof. It's a question that most men prefer to avoid thinking about – surely, what they wore last year, and the year before that, will be fine, won't it?

Perhaps, if you are Italian, and possibly French. But if you are British ... Given the British male's track record of summer style atrocities, that might be unwise, though according to Dylan Jones, editor-in-chief of British GQ and leading light of London Collections: Men, British men are by no means a lost cause.

"British men of a certain generation – ie, those over the age of 60 – have no idea what to wear on holiday, and they can still be seen on the beach with woolly socks and sandals," he says. "And even younger Brits can still get it wrong, thinking that sporting a pair of three-quarter-length trousers will cure all their summer ills."

"However the new generation of British men – and

by this I mean anyone under the age of 30 – is better dressed than any previous generation. Just look at the street style Instagram pictures of men at London Collections: Men and you'll see men who not only know how to dress, but who take pride in it too.

"Even though it was boiling hot in London, you saw men in jackets, shirts, cravats and hats, you saw men in Birkenstocks, men in white T-shirts and cut-offs, men who looked like they had just stepped out of *The Great Gatsby*, men who looked as though they'd just come from a surf convention. And they all looked great. British men now dress with confidence in the summer, and are no longer embarrassed by it."

If they carry on like this, the Brits may yet hope to take on the Italians in the summer style stakes: for Italian men, it is all about *sprezzatura*, the art of dressing beautifully while giving off an air of indifference as to how this came about.

The concept may date back to the Renaissance etiquette writings of Baldassare Castiglione, who advised a studied casualness of dress, often with one deliberate "mistake" thrown in, but it is still going strong.

"Today, *sprezzatura* refers to casual savoir-faire when it

comes to dressing. It is the basis of Italian inbred elegance," says the super-stylish Gordon Guillaumier, who has lived in Milan for almost 30 years.

"The truth is that Italian men generally do have this distinct innate aesthetic obsession. Perhaps they just inherit it. Put this together with a good dose of self-esteem and it triggers off vanity which is indispensable to perfecting the art of impeccable dressing."

"The Italian summer mood is all about a natural and comfortable look carried off with apparent nonchalance – albeit one that it calculated down to every detail. It's not just the clothing. Personal grooming is meticulous, too. An Italian gent would wear sandals only if his feet were manicured. A good summer tan (Italians are known for lolling endlessly on beaches) gives zest to the entire look, imparting a natural healthy and sexy aura which goes well beyond restrained classic elegance."

So, it's mindset as much as makeover – confidence, good grooming, a judicious dose of vanity, all worn with panache... but what about a few "don'ts"?

Dylan Jones is very clear about what remains off-limits.

"The worst mistakes a man can make in the summer are being too casual, not dressing up enough, and wearing what he wears to work but accessorised with a pair of trainers or ugly sunglasses. And thankfully men no longer seem to want to wear football shirts on the beach."

You have been warned.

**Looking sharp: British rapper Tinie Tempah wears all Burberry and Celine sunglasses at London Collections: Men**



## Who wears short shorts?

Swimming shorts are getting shorter, with flappy, knee-length board shorts looking decidedly dated. Vilebrequin remains the top choice across smart European resorts and has briefer options for those who find the best-selling Moorea

style a touch long. Le Slip Français does a nice line in swim shorts that barely reach to mid-thigh and the range designed by model David Gandy for Marks & Spencer are skimpier still, for those with the thighs to show off.

# GIRL, INTERPRETED

Tiny but fascinating, the Ordovas exhibition shows Lucian Freud growing as a painter while his wide-eyed muse, his young wife, grew into a woman



**Nick Foulkes**

n.foulkes@newsweek.com

I like Pilar Ordovas: she is glamorous and clever. She used to operate in some very highfalutin capacity at Christie's but went it alone a few years ago and opened fashionably spartan gallery premises at the end of Savile Row.

Her shows are in her image, glam and smart at the same time. I remember her first; it linked Francis Bacon and Rembrandt and was supported with a wealth of collateral material from Bacon's South Kensington studio. As a piece of creative curating it was genius: enough in the way of arcane detail and seldom-seen works to satisfy the scholar, plus plenty of big-name action. Leaving the show one felt a bit clever and special oneself.

Three years ago she put on a show of Alexander Calder's works from his time in India. Once again it showed curatorial chutzpah, bringing together some pieces not seen since the 1950s and being seen for the first time in the West. Once again that warm glow of being one of the happy few was to be felt. What Ordovas does so well is illuminate a moment in the life of an artist, make it important and then make us see why it is important.

"Girl", the one-word title for



**The eye has it: Lucian Freud's picture of Lady Caroline Blackwood's iris is the most haunting image on show**

this engaging little jewel of a show of works by Lucian Freud, is familiar Ordovas territory: a small number of quality works, just six paintings, the largest 45.7 x 30.5cm, painted between 1950 and 1956; plus some items of biographical interest and the name of one of the giants of modern British painting, whose appeal resided as much in his notoriety as his ability.

Certainly he was what I believe one can safely call a character. Geordie Greig's revealing and compelling book about the painter amply demonstrates as much and more, and of course today art is as much about the celebrity status of the artist as it is about the inspiration, imagination and technical facility with which he or she executes the work.

This show uses mildly gossip biographical background - the painter's elopement with Lady Caroline Blackwood - to tell the story of his technical development. Easily the most effective and haunting is the tiny picture of Lady Caroline's eye - mounted and framed, it is little bigger than a postcard and it is

on its own in the middle of one wall of the gallery.

Painted in 1950 when Blackwood was still a teenager, it is a fascinating piece of work, first because it is a very accurate and effective painting of a human body part; the reflection of light on the iridescent surface, the tiny tracery of blood vessels, the subtle variations of colour and depth in the iris - it almost lives; one expects the pupil to dilate as one comes up close. And this brilliant little work acquires a world of meaning when one overlays it with the knowledge of the growing attachment between the two and the fact that in photographs and in accounts of her beauty, it is Lady Caroline's eyes that loom literally and figuratively large.

Through these pictures one

sees this wide-eyed girl grow into a woman; in the 1952 painting *Girl in Bed* she looks disconcertingly childlike in the way she looks with Bambi eyes at the painter. But by 1956, and after a few short years of marriage with Freud, *Girl by the Sea* should really be called *Woman by the Sea*. This work, completed shortly before she left him, also shows a new style of painting: looser, freer, he changes his brushes, stands rather than sits at his easel and swaps detailed representation for psychological insight.

I asked Ordovas if this was a selling show. I received an ambivalent answer that was halfway between a shrug and an evasion, eloquently expressing that "if you have to ask then you can't afford it". If you do have the cash I would make her an offer on the eye - it is excellent. And if you haven't got the cash, it is a great little show that will take you five minutes and, rather like a shot of well-made espresso, will leave you feeling slightly sharper and cleverer than when you walked through the door.



**What she does so well is illuminate an important moment in an artist's life**

**When and where**

**"Girl" is at the Ordovas Gallery, London, until 1 August**



# RUBENS' SENSUAL SECRET

An advanced new x-ray shows that the Flemish artist took even more pleasure in the flesh than his paintings depicted

A new discovery, just revealed, suggests that Peter Paul Rubens was every bit as sensual as his famous fleshy nudes.

In 1638, the Flemish artist made a full-length portrait of his second wife Helena Fourment. Wearing little more than a fur coat draped around her waist, she stands on a red rug against a dark background, and shows off her breasts and delightfully dimpled knees. The painting was affectionately titled *Het Pelsken* ("The Little Fur").

It has long been viewed as an intimate study of the woman Rubens married in 1630 following the death of his first wife, Isabella Brant. Further investigation, however, reveals that it was even more intimate than previously thought. An ma-XRF (macro x-ray fluorescence) scan, recently developed at the University of Antwerp, shows that Rubens painted over the right-hand section of his picture so as to conceal a surprisingly risqué symbol of sexual fulfillment.

It was apparent from an earlier x-ray that there was a sculpted lion's head to Helena's right, but the latest investigation has identified for the first time a statue of a peeing boy above it. Water spurted simultaneously from the lion's head and the little boy's penis.

It may not look much to modern eyes. There is, after all, a similar sculpture of a peeing boy, the Mannekin-Pis, in Brussels, which residents habitually dress up in a variety of different costumes. In the context of 16th- and 17th-century painting, however, the "puer mingens" was a well-known symbol of eroticism.

Researchers Katlijne van der Stighelen, Geert van der Snickt, Gerlinde Gruber and Koen Janssens, two of whom



**X-ray sex:** the erotically symbolic figure of a boy peeing was painted over

performed the x-ray, point out in a piece describing the discovery and its significance that the peeing boy appeared in bacchanalian paintings to illustrate lack of control, as well as in erotic contexts to suggest sexual union. Renaissance artist Lorenzo Lotto portrayed Venus reclining in the nude as Cupid urinated through a wreath into her lap. It doesn't require too great a leap of imagination to see how a boy shown releasing his fluid "transcended the limits of early modern decorum".

The academics surmise that Rubens became embarrassed by how sexually explicit his composition had turned out, and, losing his nerve, painted over the boy. The double-fountain was on a panel Rubens added specially to the picture as he extended it into a full-length portrait. The x-ray also shows that, as he did so, he peeled back the fur coat - which might have been his - to reveal more of his wife's naked body.

Perhaps it was her knowledge of what lurked beneath the paint that led her to change her mind over who should inherit the picture. Having initially stipulated that it should go to Jan-Baptist van Brouchoven van Bergeyck, whom she married after Rubens died in 1640, she eventually left it to her children by Rubens, the man who wed her, 37 years his junior, as a ravishing girl of 16.

*Stighelen et al's description of the discovery appears in "Rubens in Private", a new book edited by Ben van Beneden and published by Thames & Hudson on 6 July.*



**By Daisy Dunn**

Author, critic and editor of *Argo*, a new magazine of Greek culture

Twitter: @DaisyDunn

# THE WHITE STUFF

Cocaine is the ideal criminal commodity, traded in a murderous alternate economy that stretches from the bloody streets of Medellín to the smart parties of London

## Zero Zero Zero

by Roberto Saviano,  
Penguin Press (£28)



Battered but not broken by the financial crisis, the global economy sputters on. Some parts of the world are doing well.

Others aren't so lucky. But wherever you are, the familiar measurements inform debate: GDP, the balance of imports and exports, growth or decline in construction, manufacturing, services. But what if all that was just a veneer of respectability, a pretence of normal functioning, and underneath was something unspeakable? What if it was a river of filth that really carried us all along?

For Roberto Saviano, this unacknowledged force is the cocaine trade. And it is filthy. In *Zero Zero Zero* (the finest grade of Italian flour, and by analogy, the purest cocaine) we read of assassination, torture, the killing of civilians, bodies dissolved in caustic soda. From the cartel boss to the hapless drug mule, lives are distorted and broken by desire for the drug and the wealth it promises.

In his explosive first book, *Gomorrah*, Saviano unveiled the world of the Neapolitan mafia - the Camorra - scene by scene. He was hailed as a national hero by many; others regarded him as a traitor.

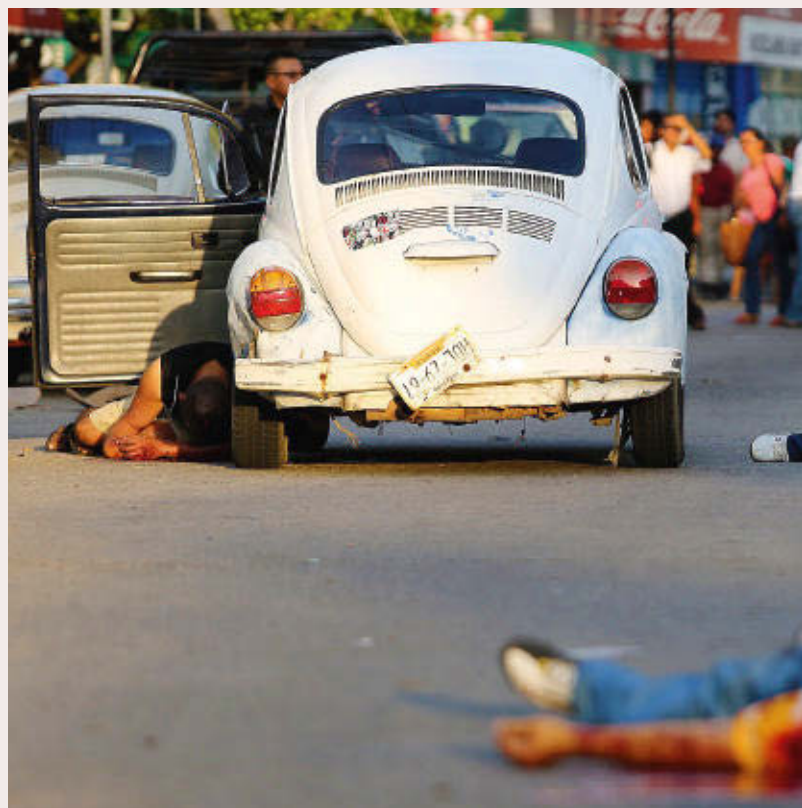
When the long

arm of the Camorra began to reach out, he was given police protection and has lived much of his life since in carabinieri barracks. The price of success has been extraordinarily high. It's hard not to feel both sympathy and admiration.

With *Zero Zero Zero*, which is dedicated to his bodyguards, the same techniques are used to chart a different (though related) criminal universe. Saviano has read the historical accounts, pored over court records, spoken to players small and large. From these sources he weaves the tale of the perfect criminal commodity. Cocaine is relatively cheap to produce, it doesn't perish, and the demand for it is rock solid, come what may. No marketing needed - the users' synapses do the job.

The profits are dizzying, offering an incentive that easily eclipses the obstacles thrown up by prohibition. But the result is that entire states become parasitised by "narco-capitalism" as he calls it.

Mexico, Colombia, Guinea Bissau; Saviano shows how, as the stranglehold of cartels,



gangs, and corrupt officials tightens, the rule of law can no longer be relied on. No one, not even the beauty queens of Medellín, perfect trophy wives for traffickers, escapes

unscathed. Ultimately, he writes, "total legalisation", with all its attendant dangers, "may be the only answer".

Given the book's obvious passion, and its stated motive - to open closed eyes to the sprawling reality of the coke economy - it's depressing to have to report

that the result is difficult to love. This isn't a typical work of non-fiction. I suspect Saviano regards it more as a kind of documentary literature. The forms he uses vary from dialogue to conventional narrative to stream of consciousness to something approaching free verse.

Unfortunately, everything apart from the straightest descriptions sags under the weight of its own pretentiousness. After a prologue drawing our attention to the ubiquity of coke - "The sparring partner you train with in the ring [uses cocaine] to lose weight. And if he doesn't, your daughter's riding instructor does, and so does your wife's psychologist" - Saviano's bizarre introductory chapter takes the form of a







**Grim reality:** three corpses on the street after a Mexican drug shootout. Below left, celebrity past cocaine users Charlie Sheen, Stephen Fry and Paris Hilton

group therapy session. The participants are members of London's financial services elite. Brokers, traders, bankers. They tell their stories to an interlocutor who has provided them with envelopes containing vignettes from the world of cocaine use and trafficking. They read them out. But it's too self-consciously experimental to work and crosses the line into unintentional comedy.

So do the outbreaks of prose poetry. In one of these, cocaine becomes a femme fatale: "She'll make you joyful and desperate, she's the one you want ... She is Snow White, the fairest of them

all/but you don't envy her because you lay her down/on the mirror of your desires." The intention is presumably to inspire in the reader the giddy fascination felt by the author. But alienation, rather than a sense of shared adventure, is the result.

It would be easier to forgive these eccentricities if the substance of the book wasn't also flawed. It comes as a relief to begin a chapter, like one the evolution of the Mexican cartels, which promises linear development. But Saviano's style foxes you at every turn. He flits from one era to another. Names, aliases and nicknames are used interchangeably, making it hard to get a handle on the dramatis personae. Sentences are convoluted or whimsical. It's not clear to what extent these are problems of translation, but more than 400 pages of it feels like an endurance test.

All this is a shame, because Saviano has clearly laboured hard and in good faith. Given the circumstances, it was brave to embark on a project that could only increase the risk to his life. His mission, to shake us and wake us up to the immensity of the problem, is sincerely felt. His thesis, that the drug economy receives far less attention than its size and influence merits, is persuasive.

I can imagine a powerful film being made from elements of *Zero Zero Zero*, as with *Gomorrah*. I hope that happens. As a book, however, it is a well-intentioned failure.



**By David Shariatmadari**

Writer and editor on the Guardian newspaper's opinion desk

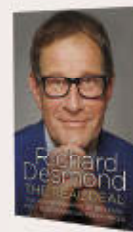
✉@D\_Shariatmadari

# THE GENGHIS KHAN OF MEDIA MOGULS

Richard Desmond's study of greatness is underpinned by the consuming fear of dying penniless on a park bench

**Richard Desmond: The Real Deal**

by Richard Desmond  
Cornerstone Publishing (€28)



Richard Desmond - Woolworths cashier, cloakroom ticket seller, adman, publisher of *OK!* and

*Penthouse*, owner of Channel 5 and Express Newspapers, friend of Barbara Windsor and probable descendant of Genghis Khan - defies the Shakespearean adage that some men are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them.

In his own study on greatness, "Britain's most controversial media mogul" Desmond reveals that he was born great (son to Cyril, "of Pearl & Dean, a media person and a man of the world"), achieved his own greatness ("focus and determination"), AND had his greatness thrust upon him (at the age of 15, when he was made classified manager at *In-Plant Printer*).

In 2014, Desmond reached his personal zenith, selling Channel 5 for £463m (€646m), four times what he paid for it four years previously. Afterwards he met a man named Gavin Patterson from BT. "Do you realise what a great strategist and marketer you are?" Patterson asked our hero.

"No," Desmond replied ("I wasn't being modest," he adds, in an aside to the reader, "I really don't see myself in

that light. I just get things done, one after another.")

*The Real Deal* is a minutely detailed record of all the things Desmond has got done, one after another, punctuated with solemn regularity by the observation that he could have been a professional drummer, inset, had he chosen. But it's not all roses. The billionaire has a single, consuming fear - of dying penniless on a park bench. That's why no matter how rich he gets, Desmond measures each accrue-ment against his first daily wage at Woolworths (£13s 6d).

In Easter 2005, Desmond is lying on a gurney about to undergo an operation.

The voice in his head speaks: "Do you like your office overlooking the Thames?" it asks.

"Well, yes, I would say it's the best office in London," replies

Desmond, deep in existential crisis. "Well, you'd better decide whether all your material advancements are really the most important things in life," the voice says. Desmond recognises that he is "about to face the toughest choice of a career which has had its share of tough choices".

Unfortunately, he then falls unconscious. When he wakes it is instead to muse that his Ukrainian heritage may point to a blood relationship with Genghis Khan. The moment for self-examination has passed, but the shadow of the park bench looms larger.



**By Cordelia Jenkins**

Francophile women's rights campaigner and avid salsa dancer

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# THE MAN WHO TRANSFORMED WOMEN

He used street style to usher in a modern world – and without Yves Saint Laurent, we wouldn't have Hillary Clinton or Angela Merkel in trouser suits

Ghosts stalk the corridors of No 5 Avenue Marceau. There's Coco Chanel, Elsa Schiaparelli and Christian Dior. And the Master himself, Yves Saint Laurent, whose studio once occupied this swanky Paris townhouse. Until his retirement from the fashion world in 2002, Saint Laurent sat down each day to work at a simple trestle table. His spectacles and a clutch of 2B pencils are just where he left them – as if he had just nipped out for a cigarette. But Monsieur Saint Laurent will not be coming back. He died in 2008, ending a 40-year reign as the supreme and uncontested leader of French fashion.

Dubbed The Saint or The Sun-King of Couture, Yves Saint Laurent (YSL) dressed the world's most glamorous women. Grace Kelly, Lauren Bacall, Catherine Deneuve, Sophia Loren, Charlotte Rampling and Carla Bruni all wore his label, many visiting the Avenue Marceau for their fittings. And it is here that his remarkable archive of more than 5,000 garments is preserved.

Next month more than 50 of them will cross the Channel, when Yves Saint Laurent: Style is Eternal opens at The Bowes in County Durham, a museum renowned for its fashion galleries. Although many institutions around the world, including the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Petit Palais in Paris, have mounted YSL exhibitions, this is the first show in Britain dedicated entirely to his work.

## When and where

**Yves Saint-Laurent: Style is Eternal, 11 July-25 October at The Bowes Museum, Barnard Castle, Co Durham, England**



With the beautiful people: YSL with model Bianca Jagger (in white) at Loulou de la Falaise's wedding in 1977

"This is long overdue," says Joanna Hashagen, curator of fashion and textiles at The Bowes. "It's time to look at his legacy and his contribution."

That legacy was transformative. Although Chanel was the first to design trousers for women, it was YSL who created a modern wardrobe that reflected their changing role in society. He raided male attire to create a new vocabulary. "He put women in trousers, trench coats, tuxedos, safari jackets and boiler suits," says Hashagen. "He studied the everyday garments of soldiers and workmen such as fishermen and firemen and turned them into a working wardrobe for women."

Without YSL, she adds, there would be no Hillary Clinton or Angela Merkel in trouser suits: "He created a uniform of power dressing that endures. It was a kind of male armour." His version of the dinner jacket, known as "Le Smoking", which he launched in 1966, was an

instant success, championed by prominent women such as Bianca Jagger, singer Françoise Hardy, Loulou de la Falaise and, more recently, Angelina Jolie. For many fashion commentators, the adoption of male dress by women in the middle of the 20th century is as significant as the casting-off of the corset at its beginning.

Not content with styling women, YSL also changed how they shopped. When he started out as apprentice to the master couturier Christian Dior, society women had their clothes made-to-measure. It was YSL who persuaded these same privileged women to buy off-the-peg, then synonymous with poorer women. The first couturier to champion ready-to-wear, he opened his first prêt-à-porter boutique on the Left Bank in 1966, soon finding markets all over the world and expanding into menswear and cosmetics. When he launched his designs on New York's Madison Avenue,





police had to be summoned to keep the customers in order.

At the height of his fame in the 1960s, YSL was perfectly placed to observe the new social order, including *les événements* in Paris. Along with Courrèges in Paris and Mary Quant in London, his designs reflected the youthquake of popular culture. Young people no longer dressed like their parents.

"I think it's fair to talk about him as a revolutionary," adds Hashagen. "This was radical chic. He wasn't interested in just dressing a certain class of woman in a matching hat and gloves. By ushering in a modern world, he paved the way for street style. That's why his influence can be seen on the high street today." As the designer himself reminisced: "Social structures were breaking up. The street had a new pride, its own chic, and I found the street inspiring..."

The late editor of American *Vogue*, Diana Vreeland, went further: "Yves Saint Laurent has a 50-50 deal with the street. Half of the time he is inspired by the street, and half of the time the street gets its style from Yves Saint Laurent."

Perhaps no one remembers those extraordinary years better than his devoted companion, Pierre Bergé. Having met in the late 1950s, they became lovers and business partners. As their empire grew, they bought houses in Paris, Normandy and Marrakech and amassed one of the most important private art collections in the world.

"When I met him I realised he

was a genius," he says in a rare interview. Now 84, it is Bergé who set up the foundation to safeguard his archive. And it is Bergé who talks about the ghosts in the corridors - the "aesthetic phantoms" - that so fuelled the designer's imagination.

"There are so many. Mondrian, Cocteau, Matisse, Braque, Maria Callas. All these people influenced Yves. And Terence Conran."

Matisse, Mondrian, all very well. But Conran? "Yes. We both admired Terence Conran and Habitat," he says. "Conran wanted to let everyone have a well-designed salad bowl."

Yves was the same with fashion. He wasn't particularly engaged with politics. But I think that creating ready-to-wear was a political gesture for him. He always said that 'he was fed up with making dresses for blasé millionaires'.

"He wanted women of more modest means to wear his clothes. He told me his greatest regret was that he did not create jeans, the most democratic garment in the world - not limited by age, sex, time, season or country."

A dazzling designer, certainly, but hardly a democrat. He may have wanted to *épater le bourgeois*, but he inevitably ended up dressing them. Although the YSL group was sold to Gucci in 1999, its ready-to-wear continues under the name of Saint Laurent. Its ripped blue jeans cost €540, while a 21st-century version of Le

Homage to art: tributes to (from top) Georges Braque, Louis Aragon, Braque again and (below left) Mondrian



Instant hit: Le Smoking, 1966

Smoking jacket costs just under €2,800. Trousers are extra. That YSL left any legacy at all is thanks to Bergé, who supported him during his long bouts of depression, and it's no secret that he battled drink and drugs throughout his life. The couple split in 1976 under the strain but stayed business partners.

"The pressure for him was terrible," Bergé says. "I always say he was born with a nervous breakdown - he was bipolar." YSL eventually sought help for his addiction during the 1990s: "He stopped too late. He was never the same after rehab."

The pair were reconciled and entered into a civil partnership mere days before YSL died of cancer. Bergé pauses: "He lost the battle with alcohol and drugs. But he won the battle with fashion."



By Deirdre Fernand

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# YOUR OWN PORTABLE CONCERT HALL

Headphones that give you total aural privacy, a sleek all-purpose gaming mouse and the best of next generation folding electric bikes

**Graham Boynton**

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Some weeks ago in this column I waxed lyrical about a pair of in-ear headphones that had revealed previously hidden sounds in favourite old songs (Shure SE 215s if you missed it). Well, I have now found headphones that have opened up an even more dramatic aural landscape. The Denon AH-MM 400s are in a completely different price bracket (€490 compared with €120 for the Shures) and are beautifully designed over-ear headphones, so you would expect them to be in a different class. As indeed they are. The only caveat is that I'm not sure I'm inclined to wander around Europe's great cities encased in a pair of cans, however well designed.

The design is nevertheless pretty close to perfect, with aluminium alloy housing, American walnut ear cups, and soft pads that cover the ears to prevent sound leakage and block intrusive external noises - I tried Springsteen's E Street



**Boss headphones: the Denons allow perfect listening and can even block out the sound of Bruce Springsteen, right**

Band cranked up on my hi-fi while the sublime soprano of Alison Krauss floated around inside the Denons. There was no interference at all.

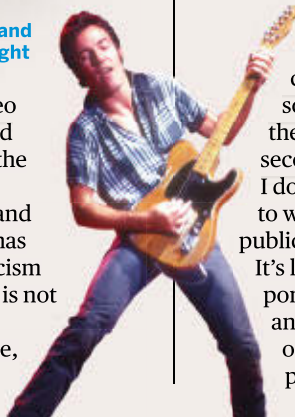
These headphones are also solid, light (they weigh in at a mere 310g) and flexible. The carbon drivers deliver a substantial bass, very clean mid range and tight, balanced

treble. The stereo field is broad and finely detailed, the distortion is imperceptible, and although there has been some criticism that the volume is not loud enough I strongly disagree, and salute the

manufacturers for making headphones that won't damage your eardrums. The headphones also fold up and slip into a carrying pouch, and the package includes a detachable cable with a remote and a microphone as well as a 6.3mm plug adaptor for hi-fi amplifiers.

So, whatever your taste in music, be it grand opera, Led Zeppelin (and I haven't heard John Bonham's industrial drumming to better effect) or the fragile beauty of the Modern Jazz Quartet or Art

Tatum's solo piano pieces, there's a good chance you'll find some satisfaction with these cans. And on second thought, maybe I do feel more inclined to wander around in public encased in them. It's like being inside a portable concert hall, and public opprobrium is a small price to pay for that.



## G303 Daedalus Apex

While the world of PC gaming tends to be confined to slouching teenagers, I know at least a few travelling execs who play Grand Theft Auto or Sid Meier's Civilization just to wind down at the end of the week. With this in mind, Logitech's G303 Daedalus Apex is a premium all-purpose gaming mouse that is sleek in design and efficient in its functions. Of course it can also be used as a



straightforward computer mouse but that somewhat misses the point. There are six buttons on the Daedalus Apex - a left click, right click, a clickable scroll wheel, a dots-per-inch sensitivity shift, and two thumb buttons. It allows you to operate equally well on any surface. In Europe it is priced at €84 and in the US at €62, so if you're looking to save a few euros you know where to shop.

## Gocycle G2

A folding bike that is electric, has a maintenance-free chain, gears and cables enclosed in the frame, a range of more than 40 miles and that costs around €3,900? A pretty attractive proposition for the cycling techie. The Gocycle G2, which is also most aesthetically pleasing, is the second generation, and the original nickel metal-hydride battery has been replaced

by a lithium-ion one that provides the extended range. There is also a new integrated dash display that tells you about battery charge, gears and speed, and a torque sensor operates the 250W motor when you start pedalling. It has a top speed of 15mph and, although 16kg is light for an electric bike, it's still quite a weight to lug around on public transport. Still, the pros outweigh the cons, as it were.





# THE DECLINE OF THE GRASS COURT

That beautiful green – and the style it favours – have become far too rare a feature of the modern tennis scene, and are all the more precious for it



**Harry Eyres**

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Grass court tennis is a slowly vanishing art. At my own tennis club in west London, a long war of attrition is being waged against the grass courts: one recently fell victim to astroturf; just three remain. In the professional tennis world, grass is seen increasingly as an anomaly and an anachronism; Wimbledon survives as the last grand slam tournament played on grass (the Australian Open was played on grass until 1987 and the US Open until 1974); recently the Aegon championship (formerly Stella Artois) played on the immaculate turf of Queen's Club in London was upgraded; but the grass season is the shortest section of the tour and has, apart from Wimbledon, the least prestigious tournaments.

If both professional and amateur tennis players are turning against grass, the reason could be that it resists the highly trained, techno-scientific nature of the modern game. Nowadays young players are coached to produce endless identical pounding groundstrokes, usually with heavy topspin. This demands a high degree of predictability of bounce. Grass has always had an element of the unpredictable – it is after all a natural living substance – and calls for improvisation and sleight of hand as well as physical power. There is more about it of art than science.

Grass is a surface where the old-fashioned handshake or



**Kings of the greensward: John McEnroe serves to Björn Borg in the 1981 Wimbledon men's final**

eastern grip retains certain advantages. The slice – on both wings – is more effective on grass than on other surfaces and the grip-change is much easier using the handshake grip than the modern western one. Grass courts have never been the natural domain of the baseline grinder (the bionic Björn Borg is a partial exception); volleying, another vanishing art, at least in its most refined manifestations, is more important on grass than on any other surface.

There always seemed to me to be an element of justice in the strange fact that Ivan Lendl, the most relentless baseliner of his era, never won Wimbledon. He reached the final twice but was undone by more natural grass court players whom he tended to dominate on other surfaces.

Let me return to my analogy with art. Grass court tennis is beautiful; the setting itself is aesthetically pleasing (red clay has its attractions but what synthetic surface could

compare with grass's subtle elasticity and ability to absorb heat?), and the surface elicits a special kind of beauty and grace from the player. Playing on grass returns you not just to the origins of the game, whose official name after all is lawn tennis, but beyond that to the primal, paradisaical world of earliest childhood play where there is no greater delight than to run and tumble on the greensward.

The obvious point of reference is Roger Federer, who though brought up on clay courts in Switzerland regards grass as his best and most successful surface. Federer is the most natural grass court player of his era, the one most attuned to improvisation and sleight of hand. He has said that he admires his nemesis Rafael Nadal but could not bear to play every point the same way. The two stop volleys Federer manufactured to break Andy Murray's serve – and his spirit – in the second set of the 2012

Wimbledon final would not have been produced, or even imagined, by any other player.

But grass court tennis as an art did not begin and I hope will not end with Federer. Its history includes the graceful backhand slices of Evonne Goolagong, Steffi Graf and Ken Rosewall and the quicksilver reactions and improvisations of Ilie Nastase and John McEnroe. Beyond that it is an art that can be practised by amateurs as well as professionals. In some ways grass better suits amateurs; a shortcoming of the professional grass game is the undue dominance of huge servers.

Our club comes alive in a special way in the precious weeks when the light is long and the grass, seeded, scoured and rolled over winter and spring, suddenly glows in the brief brightness of an English late May, June and July. People seem to smile and laugh more; we recover the animal instinct and joy of a dog let off the leash.

# MY WEEKEND: JEAN-CLAUDE BIVER

The head of LVMH's watch division – and former hippy – pretends to help on his farm, likes love stories and listens to the everyday opera of birdsong

## Friday evening

I'll stay at home on a Friday night. I have a farmhouse dating back to 1865 in Montreux, Lake Geneva, with cows, chicken, ducks, geese, pigs, horses and sheep, and my family and I make our own cheese and butter. The quality of life there is such that one hour in my home gives me the same relaxation as one day's holiday.

I used to be a hippy and I have never lost that mentality. Hippies were social, romantic, ready to share and believed in peace, love and flower power. We had great respect for the climate and animals and this has never left me.

The majority of what we eat comes from the farm, so I might eat marvellous chicken grown in peace and lots of space for dinner. Maybe a cheese fondue. My wife Sandra is a better cook than I, but I am not a bad cook. I am a gourmet – I love food, I love wine. Sometimes I tell people I help on the farm but I don't really, because I'm useless at it. After dinner I go to bed because I am so tired and happy I cannot stay awake.

## Saturday morning

I always get up at five in the morning. I take the dogs – three french bulldogs and a labrador – and watch the sunrise over the Alps. It's wonderful. Even in



"Nature is my mother": Jean-Claude Biver with the cows on his farm

winter, I walk the dogs by the light of the Moon. Then I make a cappuccino, and wait until my wife gets up. I wouldn't like to take breakfast without her.

## Saturday afternoon

I own my own boat so on a Saturday, I'll take the family out on the lake or in winter we go skiing. I used to be an instructor and a ski racer when I was younger, so I'm not bad. My sons are much better than me, both my eldest who is 37, and

my youngest, who is 15. I've noticed my body has become a little bit older, but not my head or my heart. So I'm only half old.

## Saturday evening

On a Saturday night, we might eat Japanese food. You see, there's no social life at all with me. My children might take me to the cinema, but they always warn me, don't fall asleep, papa! I don't like violent films, I like films that tell love stories, and I don't see many films that give

## Curriculum vitae

Jean-Claude went straight from university into horology. He revived the defunct watchmaker Blancpain before selling it, moving to Omega and making James Bond an Omega man. Last year he moved to LVMH, where he is CEO of TAG Heuer and Hublot.

PAL HANSEN

you hope and love these days. If I was in the film industry I would make films that tell love stories, because what people need today is love. People today are always looking for power, money, sex, crime and violence. There is less and less love.

## Sunday evening

I'm a Chelsea fan, because my friend Jose Mourinho is the boss, so I always follow him. But my children say when there is a football game on I only stay awake for about 40 minutes.

We have a house in the south of France, in St Tropez, so often the whole family fly down at the weekend. We bought the oldest farm there, it's about 200 years old and has an incredible soul. Nature is my mother. I couldn't live in the city. I need the birds to sing the opera for me.

*As told to Felicity Capon*

## NEWS WEEKS PAST / 6 JULY 2006

### Who was Michael Jackson?

True, for a while he was the King of Pop, and he's the last we're ever likely to have. Before Michael Jackson came Sinatra, Presley and the Beatles; after him has come no one, however brilliant or popular, who couldn't be ignored by vast segments of an ever more

fragmented audience. When news of his death broke, the traffic on Twitter caused the site to crash, even though he hadn't had a hit song for years.

But starting long before and continuing long after he lorded over the world of entertainment in the 1980s, Jackson was the



Prince of Artifice, with his high-pitched voice, his Neverland Ranch, his lost-boy "friends" and what he seemed to believe was an ageless, androgynous physical appearance, thanks to plastic surgery. Ultimately, which was the more imaginative creation: his music or his persona?





WHO KNOWS THE OTTO MAN?



# HAVE YOU BEEN EVERYWHERE YET?